THIRD SECTION

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Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

ADORNMENT OF ROADS IS PROCEEDING

Progress Made Towards Beautification With Trees and Sculpture Along Countryside

SUITABLE SUBJECTS ARE PUT FORWARD

Suggestion Made That Dominions Might Give Works Recording Their Early Colonization Days

THE progress made towards beautifying roads with trees and sculpture, and particularly in securing the assistance of young people in sowing flower seeds in the hedgerows, was reported at the annual meeting of the Roads of Remembrance Committee, held under the presidency of Lord Ullswater in London. Suggestions were also made as to subjects which may form sculpture studies suitable for the adornment of roads.

Lord Ullswater said that the love of the countryside which had always been indwelling in the English people had been brought more to the front by the destruction which had gone on in many quarters. They had to endeavor to stop destruction and to assist in construction. They must do their best against the pylon demons, the wildflower vandals, the bridge boosters, and engineers who intended to carry out their necessary work without considering the beauty of the scenery at all.

They must devote their attention to the shrub smashers, who were only too prone, as they motored about the country, when they saw a beautiful lilac or laburnam beside the road, to break off any number of branches quite indiscriminately and ignorantly, leaving a miserable tree behind, which would take years probably to recover from the raid.

BEAUTY NOT CONSIDERED

At present the most urgent need was to do something to diminish the ugliness of the by-pass roads. It was their duty to cultivate a love of trees in the public, and in the public he included local authorieies, which were often composed of admirable people, devoted to their work, who were, nevertheless, rather apt to overlook the beauty of the landscape in carrying out their designs.

Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephens put forward suggestions for subjects which might be treated. Groups of the landing of St. Augustine might suit several places. Memorials could be put up in each county to its chief poet. In Lincolnshire, Tennyson could be commemorated by four groups from his "Idylls of the King," at the corners of some great crossroads. Hunting men might like to erect a group of John Peel with his hounds in the Lake District. Printers might put up a group of Caxton with his first printing press and apprentices. The Dominions might give works recording the early days of their colonization.

CATHEDRALS COULD HELP

Many of the cathedrals were overcrowded with sculpture, and if every cathedral purchased a piece of ground just outside the town and had a beautifully architectured toplit cloister built, with pleasant layout of trees, they could set up there memorials to the illustrious dead and so reserve space in the cathedral for the very few extremely distinguished persons. Such things at rightangles to the road would be of great interest.

Lord Haddo said that the committee was suggesting that 200 yards on each side of an arterial road should be town-planned so that nothing could be put on it without the sanction of the town-planning authority of the district.

MYSTERY OF SILENT HOUSE DISCLOSED WHEN COUPLE DIE

Mr. Edward Killey, of Hill Street, Douglas, and his wife, who had been missed since New Year's Day, have been found dead.

The house was closed and silent, and at a neighbor's suggestion a friend who called went in by the back entrance. He found the woman lying dead on her bed, fully dressed, and the husband, also dead, kneeling by the bedside, his face buried in the bedclothes.

There were no marks of violence, nor was there any evidence to suggest that either had died from causes other than natural. It is thought that the wife had been dead about five days and the husband about four.

The medical opinion is that Mrs. Killey died from heart trouble, for which she had been treated, and that the husband died from the same cause owing to shock and grief.

Jazz Music Gives Way in London to Melodious Strains

THE frosty zip of skates on crisp ice is rapidly drowning the shuffle of dancers' feet in London and the syncopated beat of jazz music is giving way to the more melodious strains of the ice bands' Viennese waltzes and gliding one-steps. Attendances at dance halls have fallen off, but eager throngs of skaters are filling the four new "ice-dromes" which have sprung up so rapidly in the metropolis in the last two years.

The latest rink was opened recently at the old Hammersmith Palais de Danse, once the king of London's dance halls, where a remarkable transformation has taken place. The old dancing floor, measuring 5,000 square feet, has become a 16,000-square-foot expanse of glassy ice, while all around the sides snowclad alpine scenery has been depicted to add a realistic atmosphere to this skaters' paradise.

Today the Winter sport palace has its own cabaret troop of girls who give delightful exhibitions, on the ice, of dances hitherto seen only in ballrooms. The rink instructors and instructresses are kept busy all day long teaching ice-waltzing aspirants to perform "edges and figures." And this year for the first time, many Londoners forsook their usual ways of "seeing in the New Year" and "skated in" 1930 at the various rinks, where special entertainments were provided.

NEW MARVEL IS DISCOVERED

X-Ray Beaten by Invention of Scotch Surgeon Which Will Render Operations Safer

WHITE RAY NOW IN USE IN HOSPITALS

A new marvel of surgical invention in the form of a powerful white ray, the uses of which far eclipse those belonging to the ordinary X-ray, has been brought to the aid of surgeons in their battle against disease, it is announced in London.

Operations will be robbed of half their attendant risks by the use of this invention, which is already part of the equipment of a number of London hospitals, while in assisting diagnosis, for which it is primarily designed, it has almost incalculable possibilities.

It is the discovery of Dr. W. J. Cameron, a Scotsman engaged in research work in Chicago, who had the idea of applying the principle of the searchlight to diagnosis.

The white ray, is, in effect, a searchlight with a remarkable power of illuminating the soft tissues to a degree which enables doctors to diagnose disease at the earliest stage.

DISEASE EASILY DISCOVERED

Changes caused by infection which would be imperceptible to the X-ray can thus be detected before they reach a critical stage of development, an enormous advantage where there is reason to suspect dangerous growths or abscesses.

The lamp transmitting the ray is easily sterilized and can be used in the operating theatre to illumine tissues on which the surgeon is engaged. It can be used in this way for eye, ear and throat troubles, and for mastoids, and can be employed in major operations.

Dentists who have used this ray find it of the greatest value in revealing the presence of pyorrhoea, which frequently remains unsuspected, owing to the lack of outward symptoms.

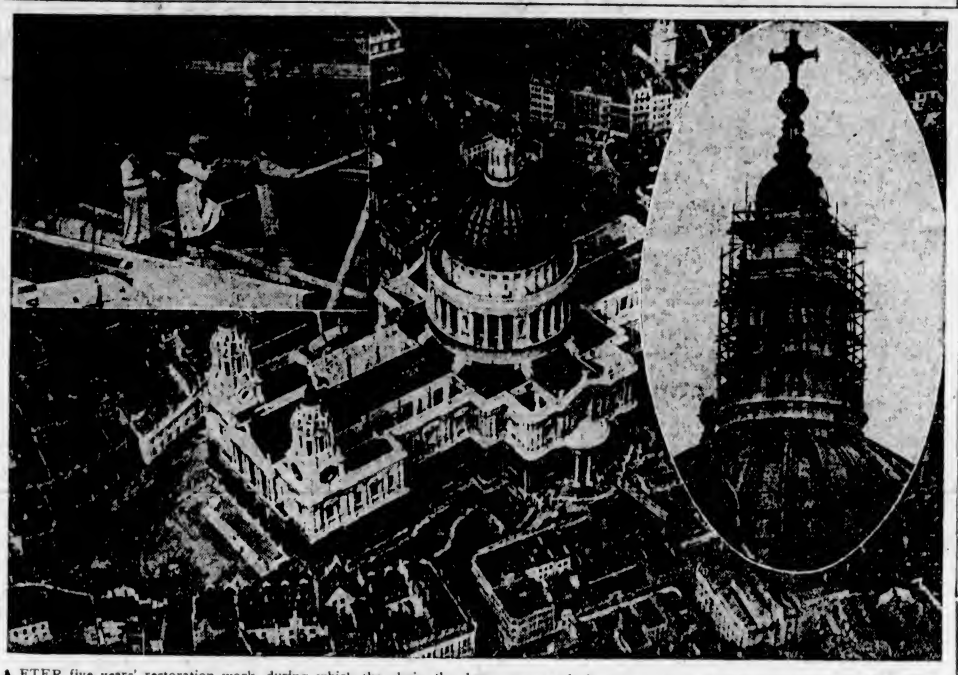
ELECTRIC KNIFE INVENTED

Dr. Cameron has also to his credit the invention of the electric knife—which is really a "live" wire—by means of which absolutely aseptic incisions, involving a minimum loss of blood and resulting in a practically invisible scar on healing, can be made.

Used in conjunction with the white ray, it enormously increases the accuracy and efficiency of surgical work.

There is only one of these electric knives in London.

Solemn Festival to Mark Completion of Work



AFTER five years' restoration work, during which the choir, the dome space and the transepts have been completely closed, St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, is to be reopened with a solemn festival lasting eighteen days in June. This wonderful building was erected in 1666 by Sir Christopher Wren, and the restoration work has cost nearly $2,500,000. His Majesty the King will attend the first thanksgiving service on June 25. Above is a layout showing St. Paul's Cathedral from the air, centre. At the left is a group of stonemasons repairing and preserving the stonework near the dome, while on the right the picture shows a mass of scaffolding around the top of the great dome, which has recently been completed.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON PROPOSES TO BUILD BRIDGE OVER RIVER

After six years of controversy a scheme has been adopted for building a new bridge across the river at Stratford-on-Avon. The structure, designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield to cross the Avon at the point now occupied by the disused tramway bridge, appears to have met with universal approval and work on the foundations will be begun in March.

The famous old bridge built by Sir Hugh Clapton, across which William Shakespeare must so often have passed, is to be preserved in its original form for the use of pedestrians.

WORK OF VIRUS CAUSES ALARM

New Form of Life Defies Scientist and Microscope—Its Diseases Are on Increase

IS MENACE TO MAN, BEAST, PLANT LIFE

What is a virus? No one had ever seen one, even with the strongest microscope. No one really knows whether it is a living or a dead thing. But we do know that virus diseases are increasing at an alarming rate in the world, and causing enormous damage and loss.

The foot-and-mouth disease that plays such havoc with British herds, the mosaic disease that sometimes ruins our potato crops, and a similar disease that has broken many a tomato grower, are all caused by a virus. In Senegambia, West Africa, it has nearly made a whole country bankrupt, for lately the virus has appeared there and attacked the staple industry—the peanut crop—upon which Senegambia's economic existence depends. Disease was never known there until recently, but the virus has attacked their crops so fiercely that the Senegambians are now trying to find something else to grow to take the peanut's place.

It is because virus diseases are so much on the increase that the British Empire Marketing Board decided to make a special grant to the experimental stiaion of Rothamstead to try to solve the mystery of their existence.

Dr. Henderson Smith, who is in charge of these investigations, in his laboratory at Rothamstead, said: "I can't say anything definite yet, except that results have been encouraging. We have not yet found a cure so far as plant diseases are concerned, but we have made progress. It may quite possibly be found that the virus is a new form of life, with methods of existence and means of reproduction quite different from anything we know.

"It is so minute that no microscope will show it, and it can actually pass through a substance as solid as porcelain. It can stand terrific variations in temperature, and enormous pressure, while it has a remarkable resistance to strong disinfectants. This suggests that it is not a living organism. On the other hand its virulence, its infectiousness, and the quick way in which it will spread all over a plant, encourage one to think that it is living. Maybe its existence lies on some border line between life and death that our instruments cannot yet probe.

Australian Population Numbers 6,373,219

Australia has 6,373,219 people scattered through its expanse. In 1900 there were about 3,000,000 people there and by 1950, at the present rate of increase, there will be about 10,000,000.

Parkways Planned In Extensive Rural Areas in Midlands

Belts of parkways taking in extensive rural areas and famous beauty spots, field footpaths and riverside walks over large areas in the Midland Counties are planned by Mr. Herbert H. Humphries, city surveyor of Birmingham, as part of an attempt to save the countryside from haphazard developments in road traffic routes.

Twenty-three miles of such parkways have been provided for around Birmingham, and large belts are planned to embrace portions of the beautiful Severn Valley, the Vale of Evesham, Cannock Castle, in Staffordshire, historic Warwick and Kenilworth, Henley-in-Arden and other parts of Shakespeare land.

SLUMS NO PLACE FOR THE CHILDREN

First Thing to Do Is to Get Kiddies Out, Says Medical Health Officer

Dr. C. Killick Millard, medical officer of health for Leicester, in reference to housing and slums in Great Britain, says:

The past decade has been an era of building of new houses. The next decade must be an era of demolition of unfit and worn-out houses. Before we can begin demolition we must relieve overcrowding; otherwise we shall only intensify the very evils we wish to relieve. In spite of all the new houses, deplorable overcrowding still persists. Overcrowding is essentially an economic problem. The mere building of houses will not solve it. Overcrowding is a great evil. It is one of the worst aspects of the slum problem. It is a reproach to our civilization. Its effects are specially injurious in the case of children. The slum problem is essentially a children's problem. If there were no children in the slums the slum problem would only be of secondary importance. We cannot grow choice flowers in the slums. We ought not to try to rear children in the slums. Demolition of the slums will take years to accomplish. But the children should and could be rescued without delay. Therefore the first thing to do in attacking the slum problem is to get the children out of the slums.

Birmingham Needs Some 25,000 Houses

The Birmingham City Council has decided on a five-year building programme for the erection of a minimum of 25,000 houses. Application will be made to the Minister of Health for sanction to borrow £4,000,000 by instalments.

New Zealand Adopts Daylight Saving Plan

Daylight saving has finally been adopted for New Zealand by act of Parliament, this being Summer south of the Equator.

Farmers opposed the measure when it was first suggested, but a compromise of half an hour, adopted last Summer, subdued most of the opposition.

MAIL BAGS STOLEN FROM AIR MINISTRY

For Impudence and Spectacular Daring, Theft Has Not Been Equalled in Britain

Two mail bags were stolen from outside the Air Ministry in Kingsway. Although the authorities cannot say exactly what other packages were in the bags, they are convinced that little of realizable value has been gained by the thieves.

For impudence and spectacular daring, the robbery has not been equalled in this country. The stolen bags were part of a consignment of six which had been delivered by the G.P.O. to the ministry. They were being sorted by the commissionaire ready for distribution to the various departments, and he was moving them from one entrance to another when, according to one account of the affair, two men drove up in a dark blue car.

One of the men stepped out, walked straight across to the mail bags, two of which he snatched and carried back, and the car was then driven rapidly up Kingsway. The thieves gained a good start, and their car, after narrowly escaping collision with other cars, disappeared near Oxford Street.

This is the seventieth mail robbery since the series began early last year, and though the total losses run into many thousands of pounds none of the thieves have so far been brought to justice. In several cases Scotland Yard complained of delay by the Post Office in notifying robberies, but in recent months the "Yard" detectives and the Post Office C.I.D. have worked in close co-operation.

What Do They Put As the "Dash" With This Milk Drink?

A MYSTERIOUS change has come over the night clubs of the West-End. Perhaps it is the recent drastic campaign against the infringement of the licencing laws for the sale of drink; or it may merely be the fashion.

But it is certainly a fact that within a quarter-mile radius of Piccadilly Circus there are now seventeen clubs keeping open until three or four in the morning, with milk the staple beverage. True, sometimes one has "milk with a dash," but usually it is just milk.

Moreover, night clubs have become merry. Instead of being stuffy basements, where people with dreary faces danced funereally between drinks, they are brightly-lighted rooms with pretty furnishings, amusing cabarets and excellent dance bands, where one can meet artists, stage folk and many young society people, all being as gay as butterflies—on milk and sandwiches!

SCOTTISH ROADWAY TO BE PROTECTED

Future of Famous "Royal Mile" at Edinburgh Will Be Looked After, Says Premier

Edinburgh is gravely disturbed over the future of the historic "Royal Mile" lying between the Old Castle and Holyrood Palace, which is perhaps the most classic roadway of the whole British Isles.

The trepidation arises from the fact that Calton Jail is being demolished, and the area around it is to undergo "development," which has a sinister sound to those who would preserve the historic roadway.

The provost and citizens of Edinburgh have approached Prime Minister MacDonald and have found him sympathetic.

"Edinburgh is not a new mushroom city," he wrote in answer to the representations, "but embodies for every Scotsman the history of his nation and the reverence in which he holds it."

He added that the plans for new government departmental buildings and extension of the Scottish National Library must be carried out. But regarding other plans he suggested that the Government would support Edinburgh in safeguarding the future appearance of the historic quarter, even if the city does not possess town planning regulations enabling it to regulate the class of buildings.

Natural Beauties of Devon to Be Preserved

Colonel L. Marwood Tucker, hon. treasurer of the Devon branch of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, writes with reference to a communication from Lord Mildmay of Flete, Lord Lieutenant of Devon, published in The London Times, describing the formation of a Devon branch of the council.

Lord Mildmay stated that the expense of a survey of the county, which was to be undertaken, had been guaranteed, and that 5s. was the minimum subscription for membership of the branch. Colonel Tucker appeals to Devonians in London or elsewhere to become members of the branch and forward him a subscription, and so lend their support to this very necessary movement to safeguard the amenities of the county.

ROMAN CITY IN ENGLAND TO BE BARED

Excavations Are Planned on Site of Verulamium, Great Capital of Prehistoric Britain

EXISTED CENTURY BEFORE LONDON

Remains to Be Unearthed at St. Alban's Were Constructed Prior to Landing of Julius Caesar

THE proposed excavations on the site of the Roman city of Verulamium were discussed by the St. Alban's City Council, when the parks subcommittee submitted a report made by Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler, of the Society of Antiquaries, at the request of the mayor.

The report pointed out that Verulamium was known to have been one of the great tribal capitals of prehistoric Britain. It was already a capital city before Julius Caesar reached Britain's shores, and was thus not merely a city, but a city of the first rank a century or more before London, as it seemed, was even founded.

The Roman city which, in the first century A.D., grew up on, or close to, the site of the prehistoric capital, was within ten or fifteen years of the arrival of the Romans raised to the highest possible civic rank. In the whole of Roman Britain Verulamium appeared to have been the only municipium, or "municipality" in the ancient technical sense of the term. London itself seemed never to have achieved any approximate rank.

Turning to the work of excavation, the report said that the examination and consolidation of the better preserved stretches of the Roman defences should be given precedence. These defences consisted of (1) a magnificent ditch, unequalled of its kind in Britain; (2) along its inner margin a broad level platform or "Berm," said to be from fifteen to twenty feet in width; (3) a strongly built wall of flint-rubble with bounding courses of brick; and (4) a broad and high bank, piled by the Roman builders against this wall on its inner side.

Of these four features, that which required most urgent attention was the wall, which was at present imperiled by the action of the weather, by ivy, by tree roots, and by the mischievous ignorance of visitors from outside St. Albans. After the examination of the defences, it would be desirable gradually to reveal the plan of the Roman town and to locate its principal buildings.

CHINA CONSIDERED AS NEW MARKET FOR AUSTRALIAN WOOL

The "use more wool" campaign, commenced about the middle of 1929 by Australian pastoralists, dissatisfied with the return from their enterprise, is expected to have some results, though its reception in Yorkshire has not been entirely along the lines expected.

Pastoralists want manufacturers to produce woolen goods of a fineness that will appeal to women, and the manufacturers suggest that growers should pay special attention to creating yet finer wools. These aspects of the great question have received considerable attention, and the laboratory is looked to for some help.

Meanyhile, the suggestion that China might be developed into an important market for Australian wool is commending consideration. It is thought by those who have brought this possibility forward that with proper representation by experts dispatched to China there would be created a demand for wool that would more than make up for the decline in other countries that have always been good customers.

Midnight "Drumming" Custom Prohibited

At Broughton, near Kettering, the Parish Council recently published notices prohibiting, under threat of police proceedings, the centuries-old custom of "drumming in the Broughton feast." This was strongly resented by a majority of the villagers. A crowd of 500 gathered outside the old church at midnight on the Sunday preceding the feast, bearing tin trays, kettles, biscuit boxes, etc.

Immediately the hour of midnight struck, the "drummers," according to ancient custom, welcomed the feast with a great din, kept up for an hour. As the "drummers" paraded the village, special attention was paid to councillors' houses. The extra police present did not interfere with the ceremony, but contented themselves with taking the names of many of the "drummers."

Fighting Cocks to Be Brought to Yorkshire in Airplanes

THERE are no signs of any abatement of cockfighting in the North of England, and in addition to the intercounty matches that will take place during the cockfighting season, arrangements are in hand for an international match. Promoters of the sport in the North of England are hoping to arrange for a number of birds to be brought over from Spain, where cockfighting is still rampant, to meet the best of the Yorkshire fighters.

In view of the campaign to be launched by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals against cockfighting, great secrecy will be observed in arranging for the international match. None but those actually concerned in bringing over the birds from Spain will know when or by what route they are traveling. It is possible that the birds will be brought over by airplane and landed at night in some remote spot on the Yorkshire moors.

WEALTHY PATRONS

There are many wealthy patrons of cockfighting in England and no trouble or expense is spared to insure that mains, as these cockfighting meetings are called, are not interfered with by the police.

A burly Yorkshireman, who is known in cockfighting circles all over the country as the best handler in the game, picked up one of the ferocious birds and held him, with neck feathers bristling and beady eyes gleaming with anger, right in front of a newspaperman. The sight was not a pleasant one.

NOTE OF PRIDE

"That fellow," said the handler, with a note of pride in his voice, "will be the best fighter in Yorkshire. He's made of the real stuff. I'll put the gloves on him and show you."

For five minutes this county champion, with his spurs sheathed in what are known as the gloves, sparred with another wicked bird. Both seemed to be supercharged with an ice-cold hate, which grew in intensity as they sparred and sidestepped for an opening before launching their lightning attacks, each of them more deadly and more merciless than the last. Even with the gloves on, they would have torn each other to pieces had they not been separated before they did any real damage. It was cruel to watch these birds, but the ferocity of their attacks compelled breathless attention.

Slick Imposters Live in Luxury in Fine Hotels Free of Cost

LONDON hotels are being duped daily by well-dressed men and women who live expensively for a few days or even a few weeks, and then leave without paying their bills. Hotel managers are now being warned of the exceptionally intensive activities of these bilking guests.

"The present season is the time when these unprofitable visitors are busiest," said a hotel manager. "I have just been duped by a woman who is the cleverest of them all. She arrived at the hotel with an enormous cabin trunk and a suitcase, and in her hand she carried a dainty blue attache case. We gave her the best rooms in the hotel and during the next few days she did some shopping. She bought a number of expensive dresses and some jewelry and, as usual, we paid the bill when her purchases were delivered.

TAKEN BIT BY BIT

"For a fortnight the woman went out twice a day with her dainty attache case without arousing any suspicion. One day she did not return, and we went to her room and found both the cabin trunk and suitcase were empty. She had removed her purchases bit by bit in her attache case. She owed us more than seven hundred dollars."

The manager of one famous hotel has sent a letter to fellow managers of hotels warning them of "The Man From Peru." "This man," said the manager, "announced himself as having just arrived from Peru, where he claimed to have discovered a rich oilfield. He said our hotel was the most comfortable he had ever stayed at, but a few days later he disappeared, owing us $150."

A woman of fastidious taste but with no money was mentioned by the manager of another hotel, where she had enjoyed a brief spell of luxury and then departed without paying.

GUEST VANISHES

"She was well dressed," said the manager, "and talked a great deal about the kind of rooms she required and the food she liked. She mentioned, too, that she was fond of flowers, and these were placed in her rooms every day. She gave an address in Mayfair that seemed reassuring, until we made inquiries there a few days later and found our guest was formerly employed there as a parlormaid. I went to her rooms to present the bill but she had gone."

From Street Car Conductor to Actor in One Lesson

By DONALD OGDEN STEWART

A GREAT many street car conductors seem to be laboring under the delusion that acting is a very mysterious profession and that actors are, in the words of the poet, a "race apart." I have often had conductors say to me, "I wish I was an actor," as though they were expressing a desire for something absolutely beyond possibility. I am not sure how this feeling about the profession came to be so universally taken for granted, but I am sure that it is not true. Anybody can be an actor, and almost anybody can eventually realize that greatest of all ambitions, the seeing of one's name in electric lights.

For instance, suppose you are a street car conductor, and suppose further that at the end of ten years you begin to become dissatisfied with your job.

"I'm sick of all this," you complain to the motorman, as you and he and an old lady passenger near the end of Jamaica Avenue.

"Whatta da mat'?" inquiries the motorman.

"Oh, I'm sick of calling out the same streets all the time," you reply. "'Elm Street, Spruce Street, Courtland Street, Washington Street.'"

"Washington was ver' great mans," remonstrates the motorman. "Whatta you got against heem?"

"I didn't mean any offence to he who was the father of our country," you make haste to say, "but can't you understand? Always the same streets——"

"We gotta go where de tracks goes," argues the motorman.

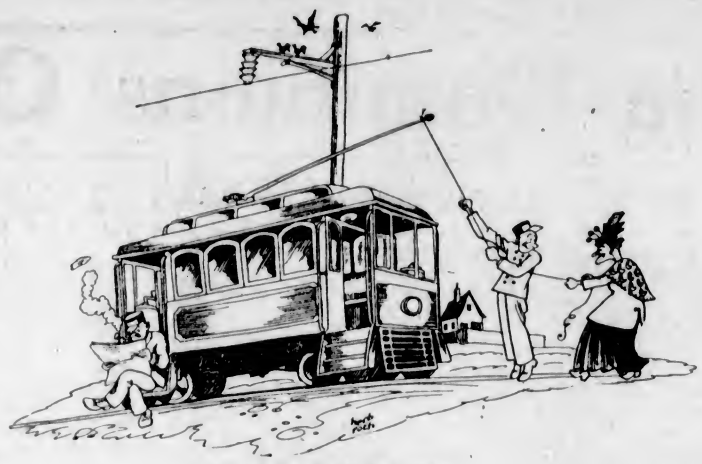
"That's just it," you cry. "Always where the tracks go. Why can't we leave the tracks—just for once?"

"Dat is praetically Bolshevism," says the motorman. "And you in uniform, too!"

"Sorry, old fellow," you apologize, "I didn't realize what I was saying. I must have eaten something that did not agree with me." And, with that, you come to the end of the line.

"End of line," you call.

"What?" asks the old lady passenger, cupping her hand over her ear.



"Can I Help You Change the Trolley?"

"I said, 'End of the line'," you reply.

"Oh, goody," says the old lady. "Can I help you change the trolley?"

"If you wish," you reply, with a bow, and, as soon as the trolley has been changed, you ring the bell and the car starts back towards town.

"Thank you," smiles the old lady, settling once more down into her seat, and you go up forward with the motorman.

"I been thinking over whatta you say," he remarks, "and, if you doan lak thissa job, why doan you get another?"

"I've thought of that," you admit. "By golly, I wish I was an actor."

"A what?" inquiries the other.

"An actor," you repeat, "like Booth. But I never can be one. I guess I'll be a street car conductor all my life," and with that you go hopelessly back to the rear platform and mope.

And that is where you are wrong. You can be an actor. There is no great secret about acting. There is only one requirement—get a start. Get some producer to give you a part in his next play. It doesn't make any difference how small the part is, or how insignificant it may seem. Take it.

But, you may ask, how can I get a producer to become interested in me? How can I get him to give me this part? Here I am, you say, a street car conductor with only Thursday nights off, and Thursday night I have to take care of the baby. How can I find time to take this decisive step?

"What a Pity That Mr. Jones Wore Black Studs With Full Evening Dress."

That is easy. Just keep your eyes open. Producers are only human. What is more, they are democratic. They ride on street cars. All you have to do is wait until a producer gets on your car and then show him that you can act. The rest is inevitable.

Let us suppose that the third passenger to board your car on Saturday morning is Mr. David Belasco. Let us suppose, furthermore, that Mr. Belasco is about to produce a play about Oriental life, with the scenes laid in a sinister dive in Hong Kong.

Mr. Belasco enters the car and seats himself. Slowly, and with a shuffling gait, you approach him. When you are opposite his seat, you stop. He looks at you, and you put one finger to your lips.

"Kee Chang want fare," you whisper. "Allee same seven cents," and you point upwards. Mr. Belasco naturally looks in that direction, and, when his gaze returns to you, you have disappeared.

This will interest the great producer somewhat, but not nearly as much as your next move. Quickly and noiselessly you crawl to the rear of the car and climb snakily onto the roof. When you have wriggled forward until you are above the window at which he is sitting, you hang over the side of the car until your face suddenly appears opposite his. Again you put your finger to your lips.

"Kee Chang want fare," you say. When Mr. Belasco puts his hand in his pocket for the money, you again disappear.

These tactics should be kept up until the producer manifests sufficient interest to ask you for a transfer and what you are doing as a street car conductor when you ought to be on the stage in some Chinese play, and presto! the path is open for your first engagement.

Of course, there is a chance that you will have no such good luck. You may wait for months before a producer boards your car, and in that case I would advise that you take the wolf by the horns, give up your job, and secure a position as butler in Mr. Belasco's home—or, say, the home of Mr. Arthur Hopkins.

Mr. Hopkins is known as the producer of "society" plays—plays in which the actors represent the wealthy residents of Park or Fifth Avenues in New York. As soon as you have been engaged by Mr. Hopkins as a butler in his home, you should procure a copy of the Book of Etiquette and study it carefully. Then, some evening, when Mr. Hopkins gives a dinner party, you will have your opportunity.

Supposing that Mr. Hopkins has invited a Mr. and Mrs. Jones and a Mr. and Mrs. Ellis. As soon as they are seated and the first course has been served, you shoiud touch Mrs. Ellis politely, but firmly, on the shoulder and say, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Ellis, but I fear you are using the wrong fork." Both Mr. Hopkins and Mrs. Ellis will be grateful to you for calling their attention to this breach of good manners, and, as the meal proceeds, there will, no doubt, be many other opportunities of a similar nature, such as: "What a pity that Mr. Jones wore black studs with full evening dress," or: "Mrs. Jones, the napkin before your face when removing something from your tooth, please." After the guests have gone (which will quite possibly be before the dinner has ended) Mr. Hopkins will, without doubt, offer you a splendid part in his next "society" play, and your worries will be over.

And as for getting your name in lights, that is just a question of time, a few lights (which can be bought at any electrical store) and knowing how to spell your own name.

How They Are Fighting Crime in Paris

By JOHN GUNTHER

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THE first thing to know in tackling criminality in Paris is that in the city there are upward of 12,000 policemen—and not a single one of them is a "gendarme!"

The mustached fellow in triangular cape who tells you where to find the Louvre is an "agent." The mounted officer with plumes in his helmet before the Elysee Palace is a "Republican guardsman." The plain clothes detective who knows every apache in Montmartre is an "inspector." Not one of them is a gendarme—not even the traffic officer who unravels the crawling knots of automobiles near the opera.

A gendarme is a soldier, under the Ministry of War, and his job is mostly in the countryside. His business is to maintain public order. And he does not exist in Paris. This familiar misconception dealt with, we may proceed.

The organization of the Paris police is simple. At the head of the structure is the prefect, at present M. Jean Chiappe. He is appointed by the Minister of the Interior and is responsible solely to him; in a way, he is a national official. His powers are wide. Under him, just as in America, subprefects ramify down to district commissioners and district commissioners to the lonely bluecoat on his beat.

In Paris 11,872 members of the force are "guardians of the peace." They wear uniforms, do all routine police duties and watch traffic. Almost half of them are on traffic work. The other policemen in Paris, "inspectors," number 681; they are plain clothes men, detectives. The simple "agents" get as salary from 10,000 to 19,000 francs a year ($400 to $760); the inspectors get somewhat more. Entrance to both services is by competitive civil service examination, and members of both in due time retire on pension. On account of their small salary the police of Paris appreciate occasional "pourboires." These are tips. Bribery and graft are practically unknown. The Paris policeman will take your five francs—maybe—but on any important issue incorruptible.

This group of Paris policemen in 1925 arrested 23,718 persons. In later years this number has been vastly augmented, chiefly because at the head of the "judicial department," the detective bureau, is a new official, M. Benoit, who has been the most successful crook chaser in Paris history. Averaged up, every Paris policemen accounts for at least three criminals a year.

Famous "Surete Generale"

THE Paris police have narcotic squads, rifle squads even tear bombs. But they use these almost never. Bank robberies, assassinations in the public streets, holdups with revolvers, are extremely rare. Almost always the district commissioner can handle any case. The mobile unit of the Paris police still travels by bicycle.

But one would get a very incomplete picture of the police system of France if only the municipal police—in Paris and the other cities—were to be mentioned. The town police fill only half the picture. Equal in importance to them, a separate organization working side by side, is the famous "surete generale," responsible for policing and detective work in all of France.

The surete is a small outfit, but terrifyingly efficient. In the whole surete are only 306 agents organized as the "mobile division." Yet in twenty years this organization has made 137,691 arrests. In addition the surete contains 2,266 inspectors organized as "special police." These have arrested as many more.

The "mobile" police of the dread surete were organized in 1907, when some special network was deemed necessary to co-ordinate police work throughout France, and pursue criminals when they escaped the jurisdiction of the municipal police of Paris or other towns. It was M. Georges Clemenceau, then Minister of the Interior, who was responsible for this innovation. He even insisted—unheard of novelty!—that the inspectors should have automobiles, and so the "agent-chauffeur" came into being.

A band of thirty men, the "Bandits of Abbeville," were running amuck in Northern France, responsible in a few months for more than 100 robberies. The "Pollet bande" of fifty-nine men escaped local police everywhere and rang up 104 crimes in less than a year. The first job of M. Clemenceau's mobile battalions was to wipe out these gangs.

Job Mainly Preventive

THE "special" police of the surete do not primarily pursue criminals. Their job is mainly preventive. They are charged with the policing of the railways, with investigation into political crimes, with surveillance of Communists, Royalists, anarchists, with work in espionage and counter-espionage. No one knows how many special surete men work outside of France. No one knows how many spies they have nabbed within it.

The surete generale is also in charge of the registration of foreigners in the country. It has a "second bureau," to deal with passport and identity card regulations. This "second bureau" is not to be confused with a more famous "second bureau," that of the general staff of the Ministry of War, which deals in strictly military affairs—espionage, treason and desertion.

The surete generale in all its branches is the direct plaything of the Minister of the Interior, and as a result this gentleman, next to the President of the Republic and the Prime Minister, is often the most powerful official in France.

Every year Parliament votes a special sum of secret funds to be placed in the hands of the Minister of the Interior for the work of the surete. This sum does not have to be accounted for. Last year it was put at 1,700,000 francs ($680,000). This year, only a few weeks ago, M. Tardieu asked for 4,000,000 francs ($1,600,000). He got it. His opponents, however, insisted on a vote of confidence on the issue.

Work Hand in Hand

IN Paris, the municipal police, under M. Chiappe, and the surete generale, under Director Roquere, work hand in hand, smoothly and efficiently. If the Paris inspectors suspect a murderer has left the city, they turn him over to the surete. If the surete men track a murderer into Paris, then the Paris police take the case.

For many years, however, the surete worked only in circumstances of great friction with the military and judicial authorities. During the war, when M. Malvy was Minister of the Interior, he appointed a henchman named Leymerie as director of the surete. Malvy was later tried for high treason, and Leymerie was actually accused of being in German pay. And for some years the surete was under a cloud, its chiefs accused of "defaitisme" and contact with the enemy. M. Clemenceau, returning to power, cleaned out the Caillauxes, Malvys, Leymeries. Bolo Pasha and Mata Hari were shot for treason, and the surete returned to honorable power under the spur of M. Clemenceau, who originally had done most to put it into being.

There are still other types of police in France. The Ministry of War has its own men, from the "second bureau" down to rural gendarmes. Part of the Paris garrison, the "garde republicaine," performs police functions. The Ministry of Justice has special policemen. And in the country the "garde champions" work under the local mayors, who are in a sense police officials. As a result, a definite movement is on foot to combine the services, municipal police, surete generale and all others, into one organization, a single "police d'etat" (state police).

Whatever the organization, the men do their work well.

Room of 8,000,000 Faces

IN a small room in the old Palais de Justice in Paris are—metaphorically speaking—nearly 8,000,000 Frenchmen.

Their faces are here, at any rate; their finger prints and their Bertillon measurements, their names, ages, crimes and present address and condition—almost 8,000,000 of them—nearly one-seventh of the population of France!

The room is in the anthropometric division of the Paris Detective Bureau at 36 Quai des Orfevres—an unpleasant address if you have something on your conscience. You climb winding stone staircases; you bend double down tunnel-like corridors; you rise to the irregular roof and see Notre Dame a few yards away, across the river and you find yourself in a sort of citadel of criminology, where quiet men in laboratories have brought to the science of detection something of the finesse and ardor of creative art.

First I saw the museum. Among the exhibits:

Eyeglasses with which the detective can see behind him, without being seen.

Models of every type of shoe nail used in Paris.

Plaster casts of types of footprint.

Exhibits of different kinds of cords, twine, wrapping paper, ropes, knots.

Models of the human eye, showing, as in a chart, all common variations in shape, hue and tone.

Cameras by which photographs may be taken from above to give exact perspective to an object in a room.

A chemical by which a finger print on a mirror may be reproduced even if it is ten years old.

Next my guide bustled me to the identification room. Here the prisoner is undressed and measured. The system invented by Dr. Bertillon, for many years chief of the Paris Detective Bureau, is still in force, as it is in force all over the world. The merit of the system is its extreme simplicity. Only two measurements need be taken and the job is done in three minutes. One is the breadth of the head; the other is the length of arm between elbow and finger tip.

Then the prisoner is photograhed; three pictures are taken, one with hat and collar; two without; one full face, one profile, one three-quarters view. The prisoner sits on a chair, the seat of which is literally ridged, so that he can't wiggle.

Criminological History Made

THEN I saw the chemical laboratory, where Dr. Amy mixes reagents and holds test tubes tenderly over Bunsen flames. There is nothing to indicate he way be sending a murderer to the guillotine. He is shy and bearded; he works with the cool austerity of science. Just beyond are the microscope and optical rooms.

Some of the devices used by Dr. Amy and his assistants have made criminological history. For instance: The Meyer reaction. By this test human blood is identified. It is sensitive to a dilution of one part in 200,000,000.

The Sellenger reaction. This helps to determine the fibrous characteristic of various textiles; paper, for instance, may be told from cloth, and various kinds of cloth differentiated, even if they have been burned or otherwise destroyed.

An electric reaction whereby ink is analyzed. The test hinges on the conductibility to electricity of the solution. It is accurate to 1-10,000th of a milligram.

Next I was taken to the finger print room, where, with polite flourishes, the agent in charge took my own finger prints, and gave me the little black card, thus identifying me—for life. The finger prints of the human being do not change, and cannot be changed. From embryo to putrefaction they are constant. The chances of two persons having the same finger prints are calculated by Locard, a great French scientific detective, as one in 127,462,000.

There are four great types of finger prints—arched, looped, whorled and composite. Under these types are seven subtypes. The French system of identification is extremely ingenious. The print of each finger is taken and the type of each noted; on a card is then indexed the result, finger by finger; my left hand, for instance, might show from thumb to little finger types 2, 2, 1, 4, 3. Then details of the subtypical appearances are noted. These consist mainly of the number of "clusters" and the precise distance from central cluster to the others.

The cards then are indexed numerically. The first card of the millions is simply, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1. The last is 4, 4, 4, 4, 4. There are between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000 cards, one for every person who has been arrested in France, and no two are identical. This classification is so simple and foolproof that within two or three minutes any prisoner may be identified.

No Two Are Identical

SUPPOSE, for instance, on entering, the prisoner denies he has ever been arrested before. He is finger-printed. Quickly his classification is obtained. The clerk then goes to the files. Within a minute or so he returns and tells the prisoner just when he did make his last visit if he ever made one. This check is important; for instance, of the 23,718 persons arrested in Paris in 1925, no fewer than 10,206 has been arrested before.

Sometimes, among all the cards, there may be some slight similarity between two sets of prints. Another minute of work then resolves all doubt. A stereopticon machine throws an enormous reproduction of the print on a ground-glass field, which is measured and numbered for every conceivable variation of cluster or whorl.

Thus the great filing cases stand ready for use and are hourly used. As criminals die the records are thrown out. As criminals are born (and arrested) the records come in. Every village police station in France immediately sends to 36 Quai des Orfevres the particulars of every newly-arrested person. Of the total number of cards between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 were taken in Paris—about half the population of the city!—the rest were gathered all over France.

A French detective is allowed much greater liberty than an English one, just as the French prosecutor has powers which make the Anglo-Saxon hair stand on end. But the detective in Paris is just as much the servant of science as the criminal is the victim of it. Dr. Bertillon's measurements do not lie. Nor do the finger prints. And they are useful, properly employed, in clearing innocent folk of guilt as of proving the guilt of those who are criminals.

"No Mere Omelette Souffle, But a Good Ripe Beefsteak"

BERLIN honors distinguished visitors in curious ways. Edgar Wallace is referred to not only in revues, but even in an Offenbach opera! Processions of people, nearly all wearing their decorations, were presented to him on his last visit, and a paragraph in a Leipzig newspaper that he was coming to see his publishers took a crowd to Leipzig station.

And now Sir Thomas Beecham has been described as "no mere omelette souffle, but a good ripe beefsteak," a culinary criticism he has taken in very good part, as it obviously has no reference to his person.

Sir Thomas extracted the very last ounce from the Berlin Philharmonic, though they at first disapproved of his batonless methods. His conducting of Strauss' "Helden Leben" elicited unanimous praise. Berlin said it had not been so well done in years.

Berlin also remarked that Sir Thomas displayed more agility in the conductor's stand than any member of the more excitable nationalities has shown them for a long time past, and in view of this it would seem that the beefsteak epithet really needs improving.

Nobody ever has to take a tonic to create an appetite for flattery.

Shrines of Britain's Glory

By CHARLES CONWAY

Norwich

THE ancient city of Norwich was founded by the early Norse invaders of Britain, and in the days of the Saxon heptarchy it was a town of great importance, and the capital of the kingdom of East Anglia. It was burned by the Danes in 1004, but was rebuilt during the reign of Canute, and by the time of the Norman Conquest in 1066 it was one of the largest boroughs in the kingdom.

Ralph de Guader, who was created Earl of East Anglia by William the Conqueror, founded a French borough at Norwich which possessed entirely different laws and customs to its neighbor, the original English town, but a century later the two boroughs were merged into one. Only the keep, the dungeons and the battlements remain of the great castle which was erected by the Normans, but the site is still partly surrounded by its original earthworks, and the moat is spanned by an early bridge. The cathedral, which was fund by Bishop Merbert de Losinga in 1094, when he removed the seat of the East Anglian bishopric from Thetford to Norwich, contains a monument of Sir William Boleyn, the grandfather of the ill-fated Queen Anne, the second wife of Henry VIII.

The Dolphin Inn was formerly the palace of Dr. Hall, who was Bishop of Norwich in Elizabethan times, and the grammar school, which has its home in the chapel of an ancient monastry, has had numerous illustrious men as its scholars. Among those who received their early education there were: Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer of Stuart days, who appeared for the Crown at the trials of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators and of the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh; Admiral Lord Nelson, the best beloved of our many great naval heroes; George Borrow, the author and traveler; and Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak.

Home of Famous Men

GEORGE Borrow worked in the office of a Norwich lawyer before starting on the many journeys which form the basis of his delightful stories, and the house in which he lived as a youth is now fitted up as a museum, and contains many interesting relics of the famous author, traveler and linguist. John Crome, one of the greatest English landscape painters, who is known as "Old Crome" to distinguish him from his son of the same name, learned the rudiments of his art while he was working as an apprentice to a house painter. He was at one time drawing master at the grammar school, and is buried in the Church of St. George-at-Colegate, Norwich.

Sir Thomas Brown, the miscellaneous writer of Stuart days and the author of the famous "Religio Medico," practiced as a physician in the city, and is buried in the Church of St. Peter-Mancroft, which dates back to 1440. Brown was one of the most original writers in the English language, and his works exercised a profound, though indirect, influence on the literature of later generations, mainly by the impression which they made on such master minds as those of Charles Lamb, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Thomas Carlyle.

Other famous natives of Norwich were: Mrs. Amelia Opie, who was the wife of John Opie, the painter, and whose novels were so popular at the commencement of last century; Harriet Martineau, the authoress, and her younger brother, James, who was a noted theologian and philosopher; the eminent Quaker banking family of Gurney; and Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the prison reformer.

Edith Cavell Buried There

THE father of Edith Cavell, who was murdered by the Germans at Brussels in October, 1915, was for many years the vicar of the nearby village of Swardeston, and in 1919 the remains of the heroic nurse were removed from their grave in Belgium and taken to Norwich, where they were laid to rest in a plot of land at the side of the cathedral, which is known as "Life's Ground."

Just outside the city is Mousehold Heath, which formed a favorite subject for Crome's genius with the brush. It was there that Robert Kett formed his camp of 16,000 Norfolk rebels, who revolted in 1549 owing to the many hardships inflicted by the extensive enclosure of common lands and the oppressive policy of the Lord Protector Somerset. Kett took possession of the City of Norwich, but he was afterwards routed and captured by the royal troops, who hanged him on the roof of the castle.

The Norwich Mercury, which was founded in 1714, is the oldest English newspaper still being published under its original name.—(Copyrighted.)

3,000 Reindeer Trek 800 Miles to New Northwest Home

By CHARLES LYNCH

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AN antlered army of 3,000 carefully-selected Alaskan reindeer is trecking slowly from the vicinity of Kotzebue to an entirely new home 800 miles away in the vast Mackenzie district of the Northwest Territories of Canada. This wholesale migration represents the Government's carefully-thought-out solution of the problem of a suitable food supply for the Eskimo.

The wants of the simple and contended nomads of the land of the midnight sun have been in the past supplied by the seal and the caribou. The seal particularly had all the properties of an Aladdin's lamp on a modified scale, for a successful seal hunt meant that the igloo dwellers were assured of nutritious food, warm clothing and food for their lamps.

With the advent of the white man the Eskimo has changed from hunter to trapper.

The seals are still there, it is true, but since he has to trap foxes during the time when he should be catching seals and hunting caribou for clothing, the Eskimo must now go to the trader for these necessities. The change from an exclusive meat and fish diet to badly-cooked bread, jams, tea, canned foods, and from his own sensible wearing apparel to the clothing of the white man, has not been beneficial to the Eskimo and has lowered his health and vitality and left him with little resistance against the contagious diseases that follow in the advance of civilization.

The reindeer which the Canadian authorities are sending to the Arctic will serve as a food supply for the Eskimos and it is expected will do much toward providing a permanent food supply of those Northern wards of the Dominion.

This Spring the Canadian authorities will accept delivery of the herd of 3,000 at Kittigariut, east of Richards Island in the Northwest Territories. A huge corral, a main building, and cabins to accommodate the herders will be erected.

The corral is not intended as a permanent home for the reindeer, but will be used twice a year to count and brand the animals.

Some indication of the possibilities of the Canadian Government's experiment is indicated in an official report which states that under similar conditions to those in the Canadian North, domesticated Siberian reindeer were introduced into Alaska forty years ago. The original herd of 1,280 animals, introduced in 1891-92 has increased to more than 750,000. In addition more than 200,000 have been slaughtered to supply meat and clothing for the Eskimo population

Jantie Wants a Plumber

By RUTH BURR SANBORN

IT is always bad enough to fall in love. But if one has had the misfortune to fall in love with the boss' niece, Jantie Shields, and if Jantie Shields is reported engaged to the famous Carlton Drew, and if the boss' butler has just pushed you down the Shieldses' doorstep—why, then things are about as bad as they can get.

George Plummer stood clutching the gatepost and watched Jantie Shields go by. He was dimly aware of Carlton Drew beside her, of the long green Drew car at the curb, but he really saw only Jantie Shields herself—just a flash of slim gold coat and high gold heels that were less shining and golden than her high, gold head. There was a flash of fragrance, too, strangely upsetting.

Then she was gone. But as the green car slip away, something white flickered over the side and came to rest at George's feet; it was too fragile a thing to be handkerchief—more like one of the gossamers that you find on the grass at dawn of a dewy morning—but it was a handkerchief all the time, with an upsetting fragrance.

George Plummer picked it up carefully for fear it might break, and put it in the pocket where the glove was. Of course she had not dropped it on purpose. Jantie Shields did not know. That was the worst of it.

There were other things, too, though, that were pretty bad, and one of those was connected with the Erasmus B. Shields Advertising Agency. George Plummer had worked there two years and he had not been fired yet—which was by way of being an accomplishment. Erasmus B. Shields was famous for firing people; the only really awfully nice thing you could say about him was that he was Jantie Shields' great-uncle.

George had planned the Better Box Campaign and the campaign for Save-a-Tooth Dentifrice and had handled the publicity for the Hingham Rustless Bustless Hinge. That these exploits had not already brought him honor and fame was perhaps because he never suggested that they should. George Plummer had a rare, real failing; he was too modest. It is always hard to make others believe better of you than you believe of yourself. And now he was in danger of severing his connection with the Shields Agency altogether over the Parkway Brass Piping account.

Ordinarily, of course, even Erasmus B. Shields himself would not have fired a promising young employee for failure to please a single customer. But the Parkaway Brass Piping Corporation was different. They had been advertising with the Shields Agency for twenty years. It was a good account.

It was a good account, that is, until Mr. Parkaway, Jr., succeeded to the presidency, and he made more trouble in fifteen minutes than old Parkaway had made in fifteen years. He said that Parkaway Piping had been going off in favor of Mastodon—which was nothing but galvanized tin. He said that he was going to have a campaign and it was going to be a campaign that was a campaign, and if the Shields Agency couldn't produce it, then he would find someone who could.

Mr. Shields put Banks on the account first. Banks planned a conservative campaign. Mr. Parkaway, Jr., tore the copy up and stamped on it, and Mr. Shields fired Banks just as an example. After that Dobbs planned a peppy campaign illustrated by funny little men made out of jointed brass pipe. Mr. Parkaway burned the copy and Mr. Shields fired Dobbs just to show that everything possible was being done.

After that Mr. Shields put George Plummer on the Parkaway account—which was at once a compliment and a threat. He called George into his solid mahogany office and outlined the situation tersely:

"What Parkaway wants is something snappy, but not too snappy. See?"

"Yes, sir," said George.

"Conservative but not too conservative. Progressive but not radical." He looked up at George across his desk—a desk oddly like himself: large and square and opulent. "The goods or the gate," he summoned it up. "Get that?"

"Yes, sir," said George again moodily.

It was just the way things happen in this world that as he was going down the stairs he should have met a young person coming up. That young person coming up those stairs was the most completely beautiful upsetting thing that George had ever seen.

"Where is Mr. Shields' office?" the young person inquired.

George Plummer came down one more step, which was about as far as he could get without crowding, and since at the same instant the young person came up one step on her way to pass him, it happened that they were rather close together. Her arm just lightly touched him; it is queer how upsetting the touch of a bit of gray silk can be, with a bit of warm arm beneath it.

"I—I'll show you," George blurted.

"Thanks," she said. She spoke pleasantly, but George told himself that she regarded him with as much personal interest as she would have shown for a telephone book in which she had looked up a number.

Back in his own office, George found Larabee, who occupied the desk next to his, looped over the window sill examining something in the street below. "Some car," he murmured. He jerked his head upward toward Mr. Shield's office. "Some looker, too."

"Who?" said George shortly.

"That girl. Jantie Shields. She's just home from gay Paree to stay with Uncle Rasmus till the wedding."

George Plummer started, not merely as if he had been shot, but as if he had been wounded in some vital part. Perhaps he had. "Who?" he repeated sharply. "Uncle which? What wedding?"

"Didn't you know who she was?" inquired Larabee pityingly. "Didn't you ever see her picture in the papers?" He finished the death sentence calmly. "That's Carlton Drew down in the car. He's the man she's going to marry."

George Plummer sat down suddenly. The office was swinging round him in large, uneven circles.

George Plummer did not believe much in love. Particularly he did not believe in love at first sight.

Nevertheless, George knew then, although he did not admit it until sometime afterwards, that unless he were very, very, very careful, he should be in love with Jantie Shields.

After that George was very, very, very, very careful.

All day every day he sat behind his desk and worked on Parkaway Brass Piping. But no scheme for the Parkaway campaign, conservative, progressive, clever, sprang to his mind. Nothing sprang to his mind at all except the vision of a certain small person in grey.

Every night George sat at a large bare table in his room, under a morbid-looking green lamp, and spread the Parkaway material before him. He worked late. Then he got up at 5 o'clock and worked some more. In between times George thought of Jantie Shields. And sometimes he looked at himself severely in the mirror and said to himself that he was a fool. He didn't mean quite that, of course. What he really meant was that he did not have a dozen millions like Carlton Drew.

And then he ran into her that day in the corridor.

Afterwards George could not imagine how it had happened. He had seen the Drew car outside and knew Jantie must have come in to visit her uncle; she was a very dutiful niece and called on her uncle every day. Now it happened that at just that moment George Plummer was seized by an uncontrollable thirst, and it was necessary for him to hurry out to the drinking fountain which was near the entrance. He was very thirsty indeed, and to stay and drink quite a while. Jantie Shields was not in the entrance hall, she was not on the stairs. When George's thirst was allayed, he started back again.

Now the queer part of it was this: The twisting corridor down which George was walking when the thing happened did not lead to Mr. Shield's office at all. Jantie Shields had on shoes with high heels that clicked on the tiled floor. But George did not hear her. Only suddenly he plunged full tilt around a corner . . . and there she was.

He threw out his hands to save her from being knocked right over. And the net results was that George took Jantie Shields suddenly, unexpectedly, but very thoroughly, into his arms.

Jantie Shields was even smaller than he had thought her—smaller and warmer and more quivering. She must have been very angry to have trembled like that. He let her go at once.

"I'm sorry," he blundered. "I mean I'm glad. I mean . . ."

"Oh, that's all right," said Jantie Shields with much too much composure. "I'm sure you didn't mean to."

"No," said George.

A blue bag with a white jade top had fallen from her hands, and this bag came wide open and spread an amazing array of things at George's feet. There were some little shining cases, with J. S. on them in blue enamel and sapphires, the uses of which George could only dimly guess at; there was a handkerchief and a purse with a jeweled top and a pair of gloves—one of which George succeeded in retaining—and a strange upsetting fragrance that he could not locate.

Jantie was in blue today—bright blue, the color of the sapphires; a pair of white woven shoes with blue straps twinkled in front of George's nose as he groped for her possessions.

"Is that all?" He hoped her other glove would not fall out of his cuff.

"It looks that way," said Jantie.

"I hope . . . I wish . . . " George began—and did not finish. What he hoped and wished very ardently was that he might take Jantie Shields again, all warm and trembling, in his arms.

"Don't give it another thought," she was saying, very offhand.

"I suppose you won't?" said George—and tried not to let his voice sound wistful.

"Dear no," said Jantie. And she made a little gesture as if she tossed the very idea right into limbo.

It was then that George glanced up and saw Carlton Drew. They stood staring at each other with Jantie Shields between them.

In many ways the two were not unlike. They were both tall. Carlton Drew had a brown skin and brownish hair and grey eyes and a wide mouth. George had a brown skin, too—perhaps not quite so brown after a Winter in the city as it would have been after one on the Riviera, and brownish hair, a little franker in its tendency to red, and grey eyes that were clearer and deeper though not so bright and agile. George's mouth was just as wide and straight, but there was rather more resolution and rather less derision tucked into the corners.

Yet, in spite of their likeness, no two could have been more different—differences which lay deeper than surfaces; it was something inside that you could put a name to. The look in George's grey eyes was the look of a man who has done things for himself; things had always come to Carlton Drew. When you looked at him you thought of motion, swift motion, money. When you looked at George . . . "office desk and forty dollars a week," said George bitterly to himself . . .

"Come on, Carl," Jantie Shields was saying. "We may as well go."

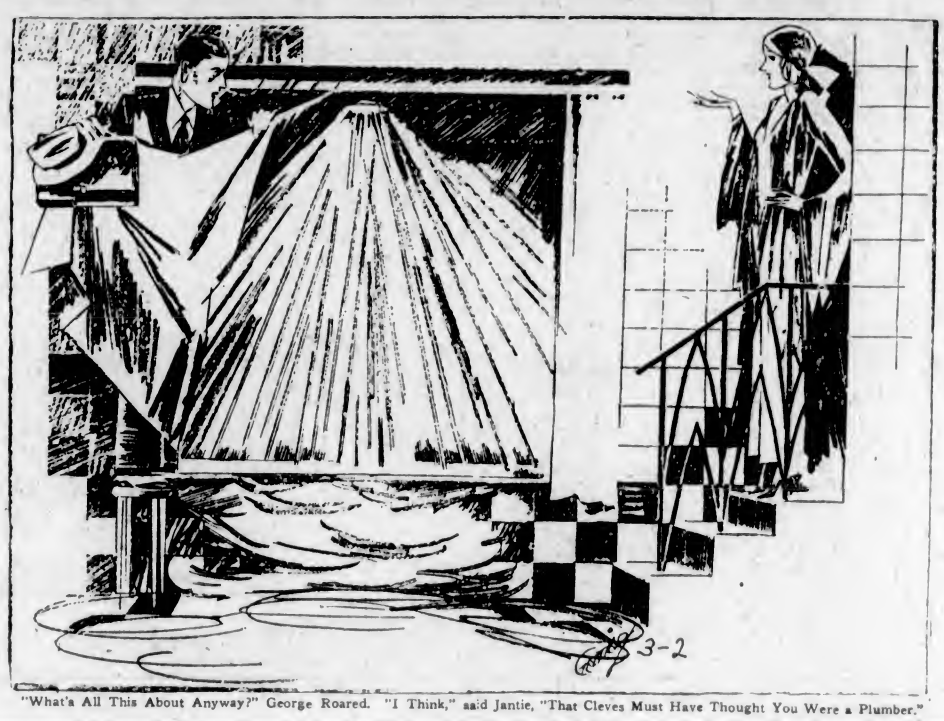
"I thought you wanted to see your uncle."

"He's busy," said Jantie.

That was queer, too, because if Jantie Shields had been to her uncle's office, why then she must have flown. She made a little gesture or dismissal, call it what you like, and moved away. George saw that she was as keenly aware of him personally as if he were a post that she had run into.

It was when he returned to his desk that George learned from Larabee that there was to be a dance that night at the Lansdowne Country Club. Jantie would be there. So would Larabee. Larabee caused it to be understood that he should dance with her quite a lot.

George only half listened. He saw that it was going to be harder than he had thought to keep from falling in love with Jantie Shields. It is always harder once you have felt a person warm and trembling in your arms.



"What's All This About Anyway?" George Roared. "I Think," said Jantie, "That Cleves Must Have Thought You Were a Plumber."

It was Thursday. The next day would be Friday, and the day after that would be Saturday and George's last chance at Parkaway.

It was eight o'clock. George settled himself at the table in his room, rolled up his sleeves, and emptied the Parkaway folders out of his bag.

Parkaway Brass Piping. George said to himself, would not rust. It would not clog. It would not break. Other things wore out; gloves, now. He took a glove from his pocket and laid it against his face to catch that faint, disquieting fragrance . . . He drew himself up sharply.

Parkaway Brass Piping, George said to self with more than customary severity, was best for public buildings. Take clubhouses. He wondered if it were used at the Landsdown Country Club, where Jantie was going that night to dance.

It was just after this that George decided that he could work better if he should change his clothes. He meant to put on a dressing gown and slippers, but instead he found himself laying out a tuxedo and a dress shirt and his best shoes. George decided then to take a walk. There is nothing like walking to freshen a man up for work.

George walked a long way. He walked one block down Farragut and one block east, and then one block up Trafalgar and one block west; he repeated this ten times, making a total of forty blocks in all, and at the end he felt distinctly fresher. It happened that about midway of the block on Farragut Avenue was a house, and in the house lived Erasmus B. Shields. Mr. Shields lived quite alone, save, of course, for his butler, valet, cook, maids and niece. His niece occupied the front corner room on the second floor; George knew because every now and then a small-sized shadow with a high head flitted across the curtain. He was just passing the house on his eleventh round, when he noticed a long, green car at the curb and a light in the front corner room went out. George Plummer did not stop to think. Only suddenly he was conscious of feeling fresher than he had ever felt in his life, and the next moment his feet were going up some steps and his finger was pressing the bell.

Immediately after George placed his finger on that bell the door opened, and Cleves, the butler, appeared.

"I—I'd like to see Miss Shields," George gasped.

"Miss Shields is engaged," said Cleves, severely.

"Oh, I know that." George spoke quickly. "To Mr. Drew, I understand. I just wanted to see her."

"If you are a reporter," said Cleves, "Miss Shields has directed me to say that she is not seeing reporters."

"But I'm not—" George began.

It was just then that there was a little rustling in the hall behind them; the sound of steps and voices. "Stand aside, please," added Cleves. "Miss Shields and Mr. Drew wish to pass out."

George Plummer wished devoutly that he could pass out also. He moved a step backward just as Cleves swung the door wide open.

What happened next was partly the fault of the door, which was heavy, and partly the fault of Cleves, who swung it too hard, and partly the fault of the top Shields doorstep, which was not quite as wide as George had thought it.

The next instant George was clinging to the gatepost at the bottom of those steps, watching Jantie Shields—just a flash of gold coat and gold heels and high gold head—sweep past him to the curb.

There must have been a great many people at the Landsdowne Country Club that night. But to George Plummer there was only one person present—a small person all in white, who twinkled past on high gold heels to the strains of music that played for her alone.

"So you're here," said Larabee suddenly beside him.

"I want you to introduce me to Miss Shields," said George just as suddenly back again.

So presently George Plummer found himself standing face to face with Jantie Shields and holding her by the hand. "Shall—shall we dance?" he blurted. "I wanted to talk to you about . . . pipes."

Dancing with Jantie Shields was, as George had suspected it would be, very much nicer than bumping into her in a corridor. She tipped her head back, looking up at him.

"What did you say you wanted to talk to me about?" she asked him.

"About . . . pipes," said George.

She laughed at him then. "You're good," she murmured. "I thought I'd had all the kinds of lines there are tried on me, but I've never had a pipe line."

George executed two double half turns that brought him out of range of Carlton Drew, and danced Jantie Shields right out through one of the French doors onto the terrace. Even the terrace seemed very public, what with the moon and all. And so George drew Jantie around a corner and down a path behind a boxwood hedge.

"Parkaway," said George huskily.

Jantie Shields shook her head. "Don't know it. I know T.D. and meerschaum and brier and corncob . . ."

"This is a water pipe," said George.

"Well, what about it?"

"It will not rust," said George desperately. "It will not break, burst, clog or wear out. It keeps the water clean. Clean water means pure water. Pure water means health. Health means beauty . . ."

After that they sat together on a white stone bench, and he told her all about it: pipe and tanks and velves and dies and working pressures; even a little bit about himself; Stillson wrenches, calking irons, everything.

"Oh," said Jantie. "Of course, I think plumbing is an awfully entertaining subject. But how did you happen to come here to talk about it?"

"I wanted to see you." George saw from her quick flush that he had been too bold and added instantly, "I thought you might know whether they use Parkaway pipe here at the club."

"I really couldn't say," said Jantie. She rose, and he could see that she meant to go right away and find out. He did not want her to go. And he certainly would have taken measures to prevent it, if Carlton Drew had not come hurrying down the walk.

He took Jantie's wrist possessively and pulled her to her feet. "Don't you know this is our dance? What are you doing down here, anyway?"

"Just having a little business talk," said Jantie. She waved her hand lightly to George in parting and did not address him further.

That night, on the white bench under the moon, it had not seemed so crazy. But afterwards, when George had gone home, it all seemed very crazy indeed. It was not only that Jantie Shields was rich—though that was bad enough. It was not even that she was engaged to Carlton Drew—though that, of course, was final. The really bad part of it was that Jantie Shields was not aware of him at all—not as a person.

An unreasoning anger shook George's anger and pride and—love. He'd show her.

George was still intending to show her when he went to work next morning. Nevertheless he was a trifle taken aback to find memorandum on his desk, a telephone message from Shields that he was to come to the house at once. This seemed unnecessary. If Mr. Shields was going to fire him, he might have done it at the office.

Cleves did not open the door this time. Instead it was opened by a rather flustered maid.

"Come right in. I'm glad to see you," she said, to George's astonishment. "So you're the plumber."

"I'm Plummer, all right," George admitted. "But not . . ."

She did not stop to hear him. "Here comes the plumber, Mr. Cleves."

Cleves himself appeared then. "The plumber," he said. "Good. Take him right up."

"I'm George Plummer," George began again. "I . . ."

"George the plumber, eh?" said Cleves. "Mary, take George the plumber right upstairs." His eye rested on George's bag. "That your ....."

"Well, yes," said George. I thought I'd bring it. Where's Mr. Shields?"

"You'll see him soon enough," said Cleves.

This seemed only too probable. Cleves disappeared and George followed the maid up the stairs and down the hall to a closed door. "Right this way . . ."

"You mean—wait here?"

"Wait!" she repeated. "Why, do whatever is necessary, I'm sure."

George opened the door before him and went in.

Right after he opened the door, things began to happen. They happened fast.

In the first place, George received a very large, cold squirt of water full in the face. Dodging this, he became instantly involved with a shower bath, which was showering with more than customary fervor. He made a dash toward the door. But the door had slammed shut behind him, and perhaps from the action of water on the mechanism, refused to open. He tried to turn off the shower, but the knob spun idly in his hand. It was only when he had assumed an undignified position on top of a bath stool, with the curtain wound around him to keep off the shower, and his hand clamped over a hole in the water tank to keep off the squirt, that he was able to look about him.. The tub was full; the foot bath was full; the bowl was full; over the edges waterfalls cascaded to the floor.

It was just then that he heard a noise behind him, and craning his neck to see what was going to break loose next, he was confronted by a vision. On the opposite side of the room three steps led up to what appeared to be a mirror; this mirror now swung, revealing itself as a door, and just inside the door, poised on the top step, stood Jantie Shields.

Jantie Shields wore a pair of pajamas that were so pale a green you would have said it was only the reflection from the green tiles of the bath; a short green coat embroidered over with gold birds and little golden flowers and fruits and bumblebees. Her feet were tucked into satin mules with gold birds on the toes, and a frail gold scarf was knotted round her hair. She lifted her hands in a most enchanting gesture of dismay.

"What's all this about anyway?" George roared.

"I think," said Jantie, "that Cleves must have thought you were a plumber. And a pipe seems to have burst."

"Pipe," repeated George. "Pipe." Amid the stark confusion of his mind that word was something tangible to cling to. "If you had Parkaway," he muttered, "it wouldn't have happened."

And with that the door at the top of the steps, that was at the same time a mirror, swung a little farther so that it faced him. In he mirror was a very opulent bathroom, done up in green tiles and porcelain and built-in gadgets for bath salts and perfumes. Against this background appeared a full-length reflection of a tall young man on a bath stool; a young man with reddish hair plastered over his eyes and water streaming down behind his ears; a young man who clutched a bath curtain inadequately about him to ward off the shower and the squirt. The young man's eyes looked desperate; the lines of his face curved downward in a pattern of humiliation and anger and disgust . . . Across him a vision in green and gold lifted her hands in a most enchanting gesture of dismay.

George drew his breath sharply. "By jove!" he cried. "I'll show you. Telephone to the office for a photographer and get me a Stillson wrench."

When George Plummer walked up the Shields' doorstep at four that afternoon, he walked with an air possible only to a man wearing a costly new tie of a delicate and seductive shade of green, with socks to match, and a pale green handkerchief sticking out of the pocket of a new grey suit.

"Miss Shields," he said to Cleves.

Cleves opened his mouth—and shut it again. "This way, sir," he murmured.

Jantie Shields was in the library just pouring tea. George entered boldly.

"Won't you sit down?" said Jantie.

"Thanks," said George. He took a paper from his pocket and thrust it into her hand . .

When he had finished with the photographer that morning and had sent him away, George took the Stillson wrench that Jantie brought him and started for the cellar.

"Where is the shut-off?" he asked.

"I can't imagine," said Jantie helpfully.

It appeared upon inquiry that Cleves could not imagine either; neither could the maid Mary, nor the cook, nor the second man, nor the third man, nor the chauffeur, nor any of the gardeners. But they all very helpfully followed George down-stairs and watched him hunt for the shut-off.

Carlton Drew followed him down-stairs also. He had appeared in the hall, offensively perfect in white knickers and a futuristic black-and-white sweater that matched his stockings. He disregarded George.

"Come on, Jantie, and play golf."

Jantie Shields widened her blue eyes at him. "But, Carl, I can't play golf in my pyjamas."

"I didn't ask you to," said Drew sulkily—and added something unintelligible about its being more than she usually wore at that. "Hurry up and get dressed."

"But I have to hold the flashlight for Mr. Plummer," Jantie objected. That flashlight helped George more than anything. Under its inspiration he ran his head enthusiastically up a chute solid full of spiders, and down an opening in the partition, and under the stairs and over the steam pipes.

"Why don't you help him, Carl?" Jantie asked.

"Help him!" Carlton Drew repeated, flicking a speck of dust that George had raised from his sleeve. "I don't know anything about shut-offs."

George did not know anything about them either; but intuition told him that the function of a shut-off was to be shut off. And in the end, by following all pipes to their logical conclusion, he found it. It was situated just beyond the coal hole and the dust bin, wedged in between an unexcavated bank of earth and a beam full of splinters. It could be approached only in the position known in coasting as belly-bump. George finally reached it.

"I'll show you," muttered George. And he went out and slammed the door behind him.

George went home first for repairs, and then he went to the Shields Agency. He heckled the photographer until he got a print, he heckled the art department until he had the print touched up with green and gold, he pasted it to the dummy he had prepared, with the copy ready on it. It was not a very long piece of copy:

Avoid Danger! Use Parkaway!
Pluperfect for Plumbing!

After that George Plummer took the dummy and stamped straight up the stairs to the solid mahogany office where Mr. Shields and Mr. Parkaway were having their daily quarrel. He thrust it on the desk between them . . .

With something the same expression of mingled triumph and terror, he now thrust it into the hands of Jantie Shields.

"They liked it," he gasped. "I'm not fired. I'm going to get seventy-five a week."

"Mr. Parkaway wants a lot more," George rushed on. "Twelve, anyway. I thought if we took your bathroom from different angles and used different colors in the prints . . ."

Jantie Shields interrupted him. "And what exactly had you planned for the subject matter?"

"You," said George. "Of course I haven't got them all planned yet. But I thought in one—you might wear just what you've got on—you could be staggering toward the tank with your arms thrown up across your face . . ."

George Plummer never finished describing the excellencies of this picture. For Jantie Shields did fling up her arm across her face and a tremor, a curious little shudder, ran through her, like a cold wind sweeping a field of wax. "I won't do it," she burst out. "I just won't!" And he saw that she was crying.

"Why, Jantie . . ." George put out his hand. He meant to lay it on her shoulder just to reassure her. Truly that was all he meant to do. But somehow the instant that he touched her, the instant that he felt her warm and trembling under his fingers, then everything was different.

A strength that was beyond his strength took hold of George. He was on his feet, dragging Jantie up to face him. He felt the hard little shoulder bones under his fingers. He felt the place where her hair grew in the back of her neck. He felt the catch and quiver of her breath. And the next instant everything turned dark and strange about him; he was swaying her backward, crushing her against him till the pounding of his own heart shook them both.

"I love you. I love you," he panted. And his lips were hot and fierce against her throat.

He was frightened at what he had done when the gust of it had left him, and Jantie was sobbing so brokenly into the front of his coat.

"Oh, George," she sobbed. "And all the time you didn't act as if you knew I was alive. I kept coming to the office and you didn't even see me. Not even when I threw my handkerchief at you. Not even when I threw myself at you in the corridor. You just acted as if you didn't care about anything but pipes and advertising . . ."

He stopped her then.

"Jantie . . . Jantie . . . you don't mean you like me?"

"I love you," said Jantie simply. "If I hadn't, would I have telephoned for you to come this morning, and unscrewed the whole bathroom and pounded a hole in the tank?"

It was quite a long time after that that Erasmus B. Shields came in to get his tea. He did not recognize George at first. "Get out of here, Drew," he shouted. "Didn't I tell you not to annoy Jantie any more?"

Jantie Shields did not move an inch from George's arms; only lifted her head so that her blue eyes met her uncle's over George's shoulder. "That's what I told him, too," said Jantie softly. "This is my plumber. And I—oh, Uncle Shields, I'm going to be the Plummer's assistant."

Happy Dust

Redding Was Sure That He Was Right, and Even Being in Love Couldn't Sway Him From Duty

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL
Illustrated by Hugh Patton

HER arrival in the old mission town of San Juan Bautista was, so far as young Redding could determine from his carefully casual inquiries, quite free from mystery.

She had come by stage—no train deigning to detour so far into the past—smartly and inconspicuously dressed, bringing a well-traveled suitcase and bag and a portable typewriter.

Garcia, of the Mansion House, stated that she had engaged his largest room with bath without inquiring the rate.

Redding, registering only half a page beneath her (business had evidently not been very brisk), noted a tiny hole beneath her name.

"Yeah," the proprietor nodded, "started in with a D, crossed it out, signed and then borrowed my penknife and scratched it out, like she was kinder sore. Middle name begins with D—see? Guess maybe she writes it that way sometimes."

Redding, without further manifestation of interest, began to ask questions about the price of property in the vicinity. Presently he strolled out into the square.

Instantly his mind was aware of walking backward into another era. The tiny town, remote from the railroad, lived persistently in its yesterdays.

The young woman who had signed herself Miss Maude D. Harper, and whom he strongly suspected of being Daisy de Long, alias Rose Manning, alias Mrs. Parley Hudson, alias Coca Cora, one of the most spectacular figures in the Western counterfeit and dope ring, was seated on the steps of the small pavilion and drinking-fountain. There was a book in her lap but she was not reading. The whole scene seemed to shimmer and swim in a haze of Summer heat, and she was basking like a lizard in the sun.

There were buildings on three sides of the plaza, and Redding halted before the mellow old Mission of Saint John the Baptist, with its crumbling plaster, worn tiles and long promenade under the arches where the uneven mossy bricks were eloquent of the years.

Was the quiet figure out there as aware of him as he of her? Was it Coca Cora? The department, to its intense chagrin, had neither photograph nor finger-prints, but several of the operatives had seen her at close range and Redding had been well coached.

"But listen, boy," Old Hennissey had warned him, "she's always the little lady when she's on the job. You've heard the boys razzing Casey about the way he fell for her when we raided that joint in Alviso? Wanted to take her right home to his mother, the poor fish!"

Redding thought it would seem reasonable, after his sight-seeing, to walk toward the centre and have a look at the fountain.

Miss Maude D. Harper was reading her book, but the young man felt sure she was taking definite note of his presence.

The thing the fellows hadn't prepared him for, in spite of all their priming, was the wholesome youngness of her. The creature must have climbed straight from the cradle into crime! That face, that look of clean young freshness, were worth a million to her in her line.

Redding stepped past the girl with a lifted hat and a murmer of apology, went back to the mission and was guided through by the chatty old resident priest, manifesting proper enthusiasm over the last resting place of the maid who was the inspiration for "Rose of the Rancho," and did not see the young woman again until luncheon, when he chose a table reasonably near and was edified by the local doctor on pear culture. Miss Harper gave him a brief, incurious glance, the faint civil nod of one tourist to another.

In the afternoon he drove eight miles to the town of Hollister, where he was to receive his mail, and wrote Hennissey in detail, stopping off on his return to consider pear propositions and give color to his presence in the vicinity. He did not see the girl again that day, but her room was next to his in the second story of the historic abode, and he heard the click of her tiny typewriter until nine-thirty, when it ceased discreetly.

Posing as a writer? Reports, perhaps; correspondence with the ring. There was a rumor that she had quarreled with Garini, that theirs was a business affiliation only, at the moment.

He could not rid himself of the continuing marvel of this feminine gangster. She must have taken amazingly good care of herself, forsworn dissipations and excesses, exercised, slept, eaten the right things. It seemed to James Morton Redding that her air of virtue made her actual vice more despicable.

They met and nodded several times on the following day and in the forenoon of the next came suddenly face to face and almost collided round a corner.

"Oh—sorry!" she said crisply. "I'm sure we're the only persons who ever went at such a pace in the annals of San Juan Bautista!"

So, she was going to be chatty? He changed his direction and fell into step beside her in the brief block to the plaza. "Delightfully dreamy and drowsy old place, isn't it?" he met her advance in kind. "But"—he clutched his hat back from the ubiquitous breeze, warm and dust-laden, which had rounded the corner even more swiftly than they had—"dusty!"

"Yes," she winked rapidly, and he was obliged to note that her lashes were long and decorative, "but I like it, don't you? It seems, some way, such happy dust!"

They reached the plaza and strolled to the centre of it, exchanging commiserations on the incongruity of the bad modern fountain in the heart of the mellow past. She talked well, and walked well, the jade! He wondered what had given her the initial shove downward—heredity, environment, excitement-eating?

Hennissey's answer was waiting at Hollister for him. "Listens like C.C. all right," the chief wrote. His orders were to stay on the spot, to watch her like a hawk, to remember that he was up against the slickest one in the game. "And remember again—" Hennissey concluded—"if she gets any mail, see it; if she sends any mail, get it."

Three golden sunny dust-blown days and three soft black velvet nights. Redding had talked pears with every adult citizen of San Juan, and every second citizen at least had asked him if he knew that the original "Rose of the Rancho" was buried over at the mission. Every other night there was a picture in the tiny tin theatre, ancient and spotty films, to which Miss Harper went with an engaging young enthusiasm, and Redding followed, sitting near the rear. The defective films, he told the hotel keeper in her hearing, bothered his eyes; sometimes they made him dizzy and faint so that he had to make a bolt of it. That, he figured complacently, would satisfy her if she looked back and missed him.

The third evening they walked down to the little toy playhouse together and he yielded to her insistence on paying her own way; he had a feeling that it was hardly cricket to make a lady your guest and then rob her room. He dropped into the last seat and the girl went forward. Sre liked, she had said, to be right in the front-line trenches.

He waited only until the story was well under way, then slipped quietly out, walking briskly back to the hotel with a hammering heart. It had been necessary to take the amazed and indignant Garcia partially into his confidence—to tell him at least that he had authority for investigations (the badge brought up from the trouser pocket, cupped in the palm, just as he had seen Hennissey do it!)—so he would not be disturbed, but he found himself enormously excited. It was the first time he had ever swung a job alone and he knew the fellows were quite as anxious about him as he was about himself. There was a big buy on, that they knew, a deal between San Francisco and Los Angeles agents of the dope ring, and the girl's continued presence in San Juan made them certain the delivery was to be made in the meek little old mission town. But they wanted copies of her letters to and from Garini.

He unlocked the door of number twenty, with Garcia's pass key and stepped in. Everything was in dainty order—the room, one would say, of a gentlewoman. That, once again, steeled his arm and stiffened his purpose. Intelligence, education, surface refinement at least, and yet she deliberately chose to be a crook. Let her take the consequences.

No letters, no papers on the table, in the bureau. He knelt beside the suitcase, carefully lifting the edges of primly folded underthings in palest pink silk. At the very bottom, a brief-case! He got it out without disturbing the order of the other contents, unbuckled and opened it and had his fingers on the papers within when the door opened and Miss Harper stepped into the room.

She gave a small stifled cry and stared at him, then the hot blood flooded into her face. "So that's what you're after!" she flung at him. "Pretending to buy pear orchards—oh, you cheat! I came back to get a sweater—Garcia tried to stop me on the stairs, but I never dreamed—Leave my room instantly!"

Redding was on his feet, Garcia, the bungling fool—but even if he had stopped her she'd suspect—the fat would be in the fire. Well, there was nothing for it now. He would arrest her and send for Hennissey; at least, he had her. He walked toward the door and she stepped aside, thinking, apparently, but inconceivably, that he was going to obey her! but he shut the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket.

There was a sudden panic in her face quickly overlaid with furious anger. "Unlock that door!"

He shook his head. "No, Miss Daisy de Long alias Rose Manning, alias Mrs. Parley Hudson, alias Coca Cora, not till I've tied you up securely!" He pulled the brown silk cord from her bathrobe and advanced upon her. There was genuine fear in her eyes then.

"You're insane!" she gasped. "Garcia! Help! Garcia!"

"He won't come. He has his orders."

How she struggled and fought! He was overpowering her, of course, but not easily, for she was both strong and frantic with fear and rage.

"It's your own fault if I hurt you," he warned her, pinioning her hands behind her back, tying them, making knot after knot, fastening her securely to the knob of the bathroom door. "Now then! There you stay till the Federals come, and meanwhile—"

"Now Then! There You Stay Till the Federals Come and Meanwhile——"

Someone was hammering on the door. "Telephone, Mr. Redding," said the proprietor's voice. "Long distance, San Francisco, wants you."

What luck! Hennissey on the 'phone! Not a second lost! He charged the red-faced and indignant Garcia in the name of the law to guard his prisoner, sped downstairs to the booth in the hotel office.

"Hullo," said Hennissey's voice. "That you, Redding? Say, listen, we got—"

"No, you listen to me first!" the young man exulted. "I've got her! C.C.!" He hadn't was and mail out the communications which realized how much breath the struggle had taken. "Hello! Did you get that? I was making a search and she came in on me, so of course I had to tie her up. When can you get here?"

He thought he heard, at the other end of the wire, an aside to someone nearby, and what sounded like laughter.

He went on with his triumph. "She put up a terrific fight!"

"Well, boy, I guess the dame's got a right to, at that!" the chief's voice, sounding oddly chaked, came to him. "Whoever she is."

"What?"

"We got Coca Cora here. Yeah. Now who do you figure your girl friend might be?" There was no doubt about the mirth this time. But Hennissey controlled himself presently and gave him orders. He was to stay where he would be sent to him. Coca Cora had actually been on her way to San Juan Bautista, when Casey saw her and captured her; none of her gang knew of her arrest; letters would come for her there, and it was the chief's firm conviction that C.C. might be persuaded to give them messages to send to Garini.

"And say, listen," Hennissey added at the end, "when you get around to it—no rush, of course—you might turn that girl loose!"

It seemed to James Morton Redding utterly impossible that he should be able to mount the stairs and re-enter No. 20 which had, it now appeared, a perfect right to look like the room of a gentlewoman.

As he finally reached the top step he heard Garcia's voice: "No, I guess he's not crazy, but he's a kind of a detective. Anyhow, he's got a badge he flashed on me. But don't you be scared, Miss Harper—I'm running a high-class respectable hotel and I'll see you get justice! Our marshal—" he broke off at sight of Redding and stood aside to let him go into the room.

Miss Maude D. Harper was wrenching at her bonds, but she stood still and gave him a look of proud defiance. "If you can explain this outrage—"

He had thought her pretty and charming to look at, but now he found that she was stunningly beautiful. "I can explain," he said miserably, setting to work at once to undo the knots, "and apologize, and ask your pardon, most humbly and sincerely, but I know you can never forgive me."

She twisted about to stare at him.

"You are mad," she said.

"No." He looked up and saw the irate presence of the proprietor in the doorway. "That will do, Garcia," he said with what dignity he could summon. "You may go now."

"You will please wait within call," the girl ordered imperatively.

"You bet I will!" the man promised heartily.

Redding stood back from her, watching in shame and contrition as she chafed her reddened wrists. "There is a big deal on in dope," he said, "a big buy between San Francisco and Los Angeles rings, and we believe the delivery is to be made here." Hennissey would have broken him on the spot, but he was past minding a thing like that. The only vital matter in the world at that moment was to redeem himself in the outraged eyes of this girl. "I thought you were the most spectacular feminine figure in the whole Western ring, a woman who's been mixed up in every big job on the Coast for three years. There isn't a picture or a finger print of her on record. She's called Coca Cora, but she has half a dozen aliases, and she's the cleverest, most ruthless, daring criminal at large—or was, for they've just caught her this side of San Francisco."

She drew herself up and looked at him steadily for an instant, and then curiously enough gave herself a careful scrutiny in the mirror. When she spoke it was in slow, measured syllables.

"And do I look—like a creature—of that sort?"

Young Redding swallowed. "I'm afraid—I thought you did!"

"Goody!" cried Miss Harper, looking at herself again with marked interest and approval. "Oh, goody! You know, I've always thought I had such a bread pudding sort of face!"

He thought at first that she must be hysterical—small wonder—after her experience, but she was smiling in the sanest and jolliest fashion.

"Don't look *so* desperately remorseful," she urged him brightly. "It was the most thrilling experience—and experiences are my meat and drink. I put them in stories, you see, and never in my wildest imaginings did I hope to be arrested for the queen of a gang of crooks. Which reminds me—I may as well make my own confession! I'm not Maude D. Harper. My name is Diana Deering and—"

He was staring at her. "Then—you wrote 'Smock and Sandal!' And that's why you started to sign the register with a D and scratched it out!"

"You saw that? I came here under an assumed name, to be quiet and finish my new book. There's been a good deal of advance publicity and there's a rather awful oil family simply petrified with fear, and twice they've tried to steal the manuscript, and that's what I thought you were doing at first, and then I thought you were quite mad!"

"And now," he said, humbly, "now what do you think, you've only my word, and I can hardly expect you to take that after what I've done to you—but—" he plunged a hand into a trousers pocket and brought up, cupped in a palm, his badge.

She scrutinized it with deep respect. "But I do believe you, of course," she said. What she privately thought was that there was something very engaging about him, not to say endearing—rather like a grave and earnest little boy absorbedly playing Indian.

As for the young man, he thought her the kindest, most generous and magnanimous and sporting person he'd ever known, and he tried to tell her so in a good deal of pink embarrassment. He was very much worried for fear she might feel faint after all she had been through, and wanted to have Garcia order tea for her—or hot milk, perhaps?

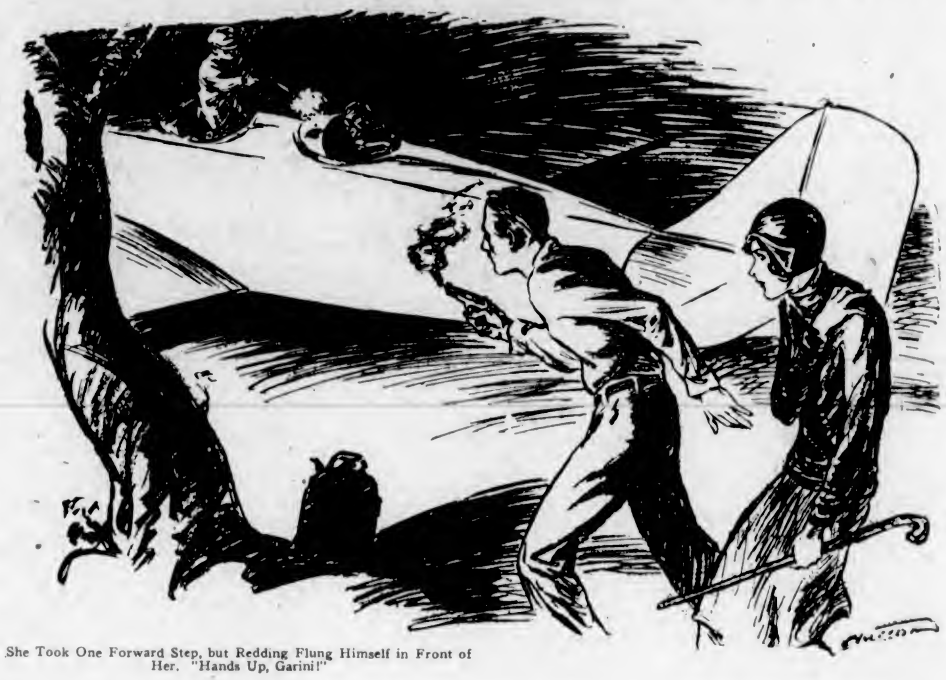
Diana Deering said that suggestion left her quite cold. "But what I should adore would be to go down to the Tamale Parlor and have hot tamales. I've been longing to go every night, but it has a sort of fifteen-men-on-a-dead-man's-chest look and I thought I'd better not, by myself."

They went at once, passing the disgruntled Garcia, who was waiting faithfully at the foot of the stairs for her cry for help, and presently faced each other across a battered table in the dim and sinister interior. Even the geraniums growing in dented rusty cans on the window sills had a rakish slant. After they were settled in their places he asked her what she had meant that day they barged into each other round the corner, about "happy dust."

"Oh, yes. You see, I'd been living so long in a place drenched in fog that everything about this place looked happy in the sun, even the dust."

"Happy dust," he told her, was one of the names for dope in the jargon of criminals.

theatre (ancient and unsteady films giving him no further trouble) and talking together



She Took One Forward Step, but Redding Flung Himself in Front of Her. "Hands Up, Garini!"

Old Hennissey came down from town a week later to give him final instructions. Coca Cora, the old operative said, was beginning to give up, a little. He figured she'd come through still better pretty soon, though she was game. He had to hand it to her. She would write the messages to Garini which would be forwarded to Redding to be mailed from San Juan. The play was to make both buyer and seller believe that Coca Cora was on the spot in the mission town, so that the delivery would be made there. Hennissey and his crew would be on hand, of course, with an augmented force, and they would make a dazzling cleanup of the ring.

Days slipped by—hot, sunny, breezy days of golden dust. Miss Deering and Redding took long morning walks, spent long afternoons in the drowsy plaza, long evenings in the tiny tin on the long upper veranda of the hotel.

A special delivery letter from the chief crashed harshly into the idyll. C.C. had snitched. She had come across good and plenty. Notes were enclosed. The sale was to be made at San Juan on the third night following at 2 a.m., when the moon was full. The sellers would come from Los Angeles in an airplane, the buyers would motor down from San Francisco in an armored car, with a machine gun.

"I wish," young Redding told Diana earnestly, "that you'd go up to town or down to Carmel for a few days until it's over."

She stared at him. "What!"

He repeated his fervent desire. There was no danger to her, but—

She shook her head. "Never! How can you ask such a preposterous thing?"

He need tell her nothing further: Let him be able to look his chief in the eye and say that no one knew the final details. But she wasn't going to leave the scene of action, and that was that!

They passed a nervous high-keyed day, and eventually the hours inched by and it was evening. She was sure, from the leashed anxiety in his eyes, that the Federals had not come. She longed ardently to know the details of the plan: would they come early and hide? Would they follow the car of the San Francisco gang?

Redding bade her good night at eight o'clock and hoped she would rest well. She thanked him and went obediently to her room and wrote five letters which had been on her conscience for weeks and read three meaty and nourishing essays in a solid book, and then flung herself fully dressed, upon the bed, staring wide-eyed for an hour at the chinks of moonlight in the old-fashioned shutters.

Suddenly, with a muttered word, she sprang up, pulled a dark sweater over her head, tugged a close black hat over her bob, took from the closet the walking-stick which had been her father's and went always with her on her journeys and adventures, slipped downstairs and went out, hugging the shadows, shunning the bright areas, silent on rubber soles.

Flattened against the mission wall she stood still, catching her breath at the sheer loveliness of the scene. It was light enough to read print and the plaza swam in a sea of quicksilver. It was too utterly beautiful a page out of the past to be the scene of ugly modern violence.

No tinest sound broke the silence. Where were they all? Where was Jim Redding? She found it unendurable, this blank waiting, this maddening inactivity. She crept, well out of the radiance, until she came to the fourth side of the square—the one which fell away with a sharp drop to a much lower level—a wide spreading plain where had been the original Camino Real.

There was a solitary figure down there which after a moment's scrutiny she knew to be Redding. She made the descent, waiting and watching to see if he were in communication with unseen companions. He looked neither to right or left, but stood with his head flung back, scanning the sky.

It was ten minutes before she left her concealing shadows and spoke to him.

"Go back!" he ordered, and then, sharply: "Something's happened. They haven't come—Hennissey and the boys—and Garini's due any minute. Sh. . . .listen!" He held up a hand. Hear it? You must get back to the hotel!"

There was a faint throbbing in the air.

"Garini. Only four or five miles away—they'll be here in as many minutes!" He took out his revolver, examined it carefully, replaced it in his pocket, took out a packet of matches and walked over to a pail.

"What is that—in the bucket?"

"Gasoline. I'm to pour it out and set it ablaze to show them where to land. Diana—will you go?"

"How many will be with Garini?"

"Himself and the pilot."

"Two of them—one of you!"

The throbbing in the sky was growing louder and more definite. "Diana," he said desperately, "if you won't go to your room—if you want to help me—run up to the Highway corner and wait, and when they come send the boys down here on the run!"

It was intolerable to run away, but if that was the only way to serve—she started up the slope.

"Good girl!" he approved huskily. "Thanks! And thanks for—everything—these perfect days! Quick, Diana!"

She stood still on the mounting path, to look and listen. She could clearly discern an object in the sky coming rapidly nearer, and the sound was noisier and more insistent.

"Diana! What are you thinking of!"

"No! I won't go! When they see a woman with you they'll think it's all right. I'm Cora!"

Words were wrung from him as he threw the gasoline on the dead grass and ignited it. In the sudden illumination she saw his white young face, frightened, grim, resolute. She stepped closer to him so that their shoulders touched and pressed together, comradely, gallant, game.

The pilot cut off his motor and the silver night seemed sweetly silent again, as the little plane glided easily to a landing.

The man in the passenger's seat leaned over the side. "Lo, Cora!" he called in a low tone.

The girl shot an arm straight above her head in hail and greeting and her other hand gripped hard on her father's cane.

There was a tense second of stillness and then the man leaned nearer. What's the matter with you? Talk!" He reached out an arm. "Come here!" He spat out his words venomously. "Nix on that—"

She took one forward step, but Reading flung himself in front of her.

"Hands up, Garini!"

With all the passion for drama and the urge to set her memories in orderly procession for lifelong keeping, Diana Deering was never able to sort and regulate the time and the things which happened in the next wild moment. Redding's shot, Garini's shot, the whine of bullets, the boy's endeavor to shield her with his own body, a sudden stinging, scorching pain on the top of her right shoulder. So this was being shot?—wounded?—dying perhaps? It wasn't so terrible—and your whole life did not pass before you in review. You thought, instead, with hot and bitter rebellion of the future you weren't going to have; you hated with a fierce and burning hatred the sinister force in the plane; you loved the gallant figure before you, barricading you from death.

There was the roar of the motor again and the plane began to rise. She heard a dreadful cry wrung from Redding, but she did not think he was wounded; it was rather the unbearable pang of failure and frustration. Recklessly she stepped forward, to be beside him in that black moment.

He put out a hand, an arm, to push her behind him again and touched her father's rosewood walking-stick, wrenched it from her grasp, sprang toward the plane and threw it into the propeller. There was the most frightful noise, the most unspeakable racket she had ever heard, the most sickening crash into one of the ancient pear trees the padres had planted . . .

Garini must have been standing up, leaning over to aim, for he had pitched out upon his head and lay utterly still. She stood transfixed. The pilot was making a hideous groaning sound and there was a gnarled branch sticking up through the rigging.

"That pear tree is over a hundred years old," she heard herself saying in a light conversational tone.

"Is that right??" said Hennessey. Hennissey was there and there were others with him, and she heard broken sentences about being run into a ditch, and the machine gun, and the deuce of a scrap, and poor Casey—but the only thing that registered was the old chief's hand on young Redding's shoulder and the old chief's voice:

"'Atta boy! Atta boy!'"

It made her remember her own shoulder again, and then Redding was surrying her up the path, his arm about her.

"Diana, are you hurt! Dearest, are you hurt?"

The thing seemed to settle itself very simply between them; there was no question and no answer that either of them ever recall. It seemed to be the feeling that two people who could stand by each other like that—

But the poignant intolerable thought kept sweeping over Redding, engulfing him. "You might have been killed! You might be lying there now—like Garini—"

They were opposite the shell of the old cloisters, mellow in the moonlight, and the mission brooded, ancient and wise, history asleep beneath its tiles. "Like her!" she said, pointing toward the tomb. "Like the Rose of the Rancho!" She lifted her face, gay, dauntless, tender. "But she is—happy dust!"

He kissed her. "Happy dust!"

Idols in China Are Being "Executed"

THE Chinese Nationalist Government proceeds with its activities toward eliminating superstition in China. The committee for the suppression of superstition has recommended the "execution" of idols, treating them as though they were ordinary human felons.

A very popular deity is the God of Earth, and the idols representing it are the special object of attack. The street corner temples to this god were demolished some time ago, under the national regime, in Hankow, Hanyang and Wuchang.

But the faithful had removed the idols to secret temples before the invasion, and the present official proclamation against them is being widely defied. The idols, says the Government, are to be hunted down, "arrested" and "shot." But a worship so old is not easily put down.

A Page Mainly About People

Lymburn of Alberta Started Something—

JOHN F. LYMBURN, K.C.

WITH the limelight playing around his piquant features, John Farquhar Lymburn, K.C., Attorney-General of Alberta, sits back and smiles a dour Scots smile at what he terms "all this bother" about the arrest, at his instigation, of the two stockbrokers, Solloway and Mills.

The limelight is something comparatively rare in the experience of Alberta's Attorney-General. Three years ago he was an obscure lawyer with a practice no more lucrative than one would expect of a member of that class in a city whose obscure lawyers are exceeded in point of numbers only by obscure dental surgeons and chiropractors.

Like a good many other professional men in the West, the sudden rise of the farmer movement and the sweeping triumph of the United Farmers of Alberta in the provincial general elections in 1926 meant, to Mr. Lymburn, an opportunity.

It was the intention of the U.F.A. to form a cabinet composed of farmers—true sons of the soil—but this, like many another venture into the realms of advanced democracy, found that modification, bordering on reaction, was necessary to temper idealism with practicality. It was found for example, that no farmer, know he ever so much about wheat and oats, made a really good Attorney-General. After one experiment, indeed, the same truth was discovered as to the premiership and to these offices were called two lawyers, known in the profession ever since as the "Lucky Johns"—Brownlee and Lymburn.

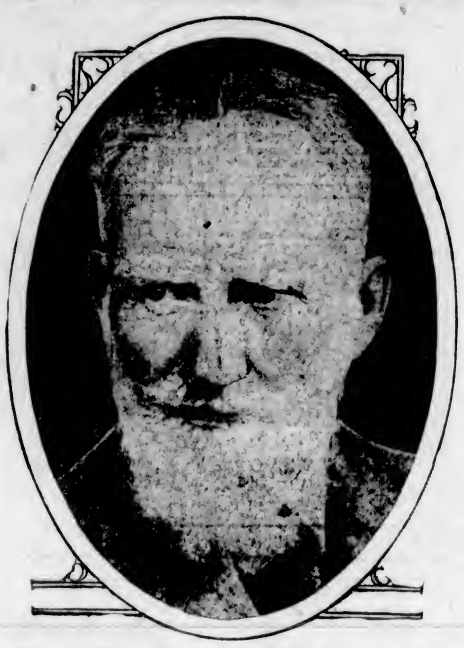
As in all things Mr. Lymburn is sincere in his mild wonder at the sensation aroused when the story of his investigation into the brokerage business was divulged with the arrests of Messrs Solloway and Mills.

"We made an investigation as a result of certain facts that were brought to our attention and as a result of the investigation we were reluctantly compelled to issue warrants for the arrest of Mr. Solloway and Mr. Mills. The object in this as in other cases is to see that the laws of Canada are observed in Alberta without fear or favor and with impartiality."

That statement, for which newspapers all over Canada were looking, succinctly sums up the character of Attorney-General Lymburn. Neither in nor out of the Legislative Assembly does he seek publicity. He would indeed find notoriety elusive in the Assembly itself, where his noticeable lack of forensic skill is only balanced by a complete faith in his leader, Premier Brownlee, and by the admirable qualities of eloquent silence and solid integrity.

Born forty-nine years ago at Ayr, Scotland, he was educated at schools in that town and took law classes in Glasgow University.

He Is "Emperor of Europe"



MR. George Bernard Shaw, famous British dramatist and author, who, upon hearing that Maurice Colbourne's book, "The Real Bernard Shaw," was about to be published, demanded the proofs, when he revised and made drastic changes in them.

He was in fine fettle at a recent meeting in support of a national theatre. He called himself the "Emperor of Europe," laughed heartily at his own jokes, and confessed that he once tried to sit through his "Man and Superman" when it was performed in full, but that it nearly killed him!

London Will See the Real "Mountie"

COMMISSIONER STARNES

PORTLAND Starnes, head of the Royal Mounted Police, Canada's most famous constabulary, has decided that Londoners shall be given an opportunity to see the yellow and blue uniforms in the original.

So great is the fame of the "Mounties" that wherever the English language is spoken the deeds of the "riders of the plains" are known. But whereas the "Mounties" are a thrilling but common sight in Canada the people of Great Britain and the United States rarely encounter them except in romantic fiction. A few years ago the yellow and blue made their way onto the stage, and Commissioner Starnes often speaks of the queer feeling it gave him to attend a presentation of "Rose Marie" in New York and watch the antics of an actor disguised as a "sergeant" of the force, and to hear the melodious croonings of a chorus of pseudo constables.

And so Commissioner Starnes, in deciding to send "Mounties" to the Old Country, is not unmindful of the fact that the nearest the present generation of Englishmen have been to the yellow and blue, with the exception of the "Mounties" who were on duty at Wembley London, in 1924, is the male chorus of "Rose Marie."

The occasion is the International Horse Show at Olympia this Spring. The R.C.M.P. will take part in the horsemanship competitions and will be represented by a picked detachment under Inspector Tom Dann, of Vancouver.

It may not matter if New Yorkers think of the R.C.M.P. in terms of the male chorus of "Rose Marie," but Commissioner Starnes has now decided to show the English people the real article. And so a picked detachment of "Mounties" will take part in the International Horse Show at Olympia this Spring, competing against the pick of the Imperial cavalry—the Guards, the Greys, the Death's Head Hussars and the Lancers.

To Starnes this expedition will be one of the minor details of running a police force which enforces Dominion laws throughout Canada, discharges the functions of provincial police in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and patrols our vast Arctic possessions, maintaining a permanent post within the shadow of the Pole.

Starnes grew up in the force which he now commands. Born at Montreal in 1864, he served in the Northwest Rebellion in 1885 as adjutant of the 65th Battalion. A military life appealed to him and when hostilities ended he joined the "Mounties," rising rapidly to the rank of Assistant-Commissioner and finally Commissioner. Although in the middle sixties, Commissioner Starnes is still a fine figure of a soldier and sits a horse with the assurance bred of years in the saddle on the prairies.

Sir Ian Rewarded His Hostile Hostess in South Africa

CANADIANS who marched and fought with the First South African Contingent thirty years ago will recall Sir Ian Hamilton, the able but somewhat impetuous commander of the army of the right flank in Lord Roberts' great march to Pretoria. The Canadians were attached to Hamilton's force.

Lord Roberts took no needless chances with ambuscades and interrupted communications, and as a result the advance was more than once slowed down. Hamilton, a rather impetuous soldier, seems to have chafed against these delays, even though every advance meant hard fighting, and upon Hamilton's force throughout fell the task of meeting and overcoming the brunt of the Boer resistance.

One of these delays occurred in May, 1899, a few days before the crossing of the Zand River. General Hamilton made his headquarters at a neat Boer farmhouse about a mile south of the stream. The household consisted of women and very young children, and it needed no questioning to realize that all the men of the household were "on commando" with the Boer forces. The fighting "men" included even the youngest boy, fourteen years old.

The Boer haus-vrouw resented the visitors. Not very graciously a bedroom and parlor were placed at the general's disposal. The staff settled down on the veranda so as not to disturb the household.

Hamilton had no reason to love the Boers. He had fought on the losing side at Majuba, where his wrist had been shattered by a bullet. But though he repaid that ancient debt by dealing smashing blows at the Boer resistance, his attitude toward the civil population during the advance was conciliatory and considerate.

Through an interpreter he asked the hostile Boer woman a good many questions. She answered sullenly and sometimes not at all. Only when the general referred to the fourteen-year-old son on commando did her hard face show signs of emotion.

The talk ended there. Next morning the British crossed the Zand River. But after the crossing Hamilton and his suite returned to the temporary headquarters. He saw the Boer woman again.

"Tell her," he said to the interpreter, "that we have won the battle."

At the tragic news the woman simply bowed her head. The further suggestion that the Boers would surely be beaten in the long run, and that her sons might be taken prisoners elicited no response. General Hamilton smiled grimly.

"Tell her," he added, "to write down on a piece of paper the name of this youngest boy and give it to my aide-de-camp. Then when the boy is captured she must write to me or to the commanding general, and we will send him back to her at once and not keep him a prisoner."

The woman thawed at last. Through the interpreter she awkwardly expressed the hope that the general had been comfortable beneath her roof. And, while Hamilton galloped on to the Zand River, the aide-de-camp lingered to secure the paper which meant speedy liberty for one Boer captive.

What the quarrel was about neither of them knew, but they had been hard at it all the evening. She was first to sue for peace. Beating herself coyly on the arm of her husband's chair, she said, coaxingly: "Come, John, dear; kiss my cheek and make it up."

But John was not in a gracious frame of mind. All he replied was: "I'll kiss it, but I don't think it wants any more making up!"

Playmate of Kipling Is Guide in Algonquin Provincial Park

TOMMY SALMON

OLD enough to remember when he dandled Rudyard Kipling on his knee, old Tommy Salmon, philosopher and nature lover, is still guiding in Algonquin Provincial Park. No one knows the secret haunts of timid game, or the cool, deep pools where the opalescent trout hide as well as does Tommy Salmon. But back beyond its adventures and mysteries, there is the memory of a childhood and youth in India. It was in Simla that Tommy Salmon knew Rudyard Kipling as a child. He was born there in 1850, when his father was colonel of the 57th Native Bengal Infantry, then stationed at that district. A brother officer of Colonel Salmon was the father of Rudyard Kipling, so the children of the two families played together under the eyes of their native nurses.

Then came the ominous days of the second Indian Mutiny. They were natives in the command of Colonel Salmon who first raised the cry of rebellion and killed several of their officers. A few days before the outbreak Colonel Salmon had been taken ill and was removed to hospital. Whooping cough developed and that undignified, childish malady saved the life of the colonel and all his family, since he was out of the way of the mutineers. A faithful Sikh orderly smuggled his wife and family through the lines of the mutinous Indian troopers to a neighboring military post.

Some of Tom's uncles were sea captains and frequently the lad was taken aboard for jaunts into strange places, in Africa, China and other far-away parts. Finally, by the time he was in his thirties, he was in Canada, an immigrant and a pioneer. Being fond of far places, he decided that he wanted to get into virgin territory, so he walked into the Lake of Bays district and became one of the very first settlers there. He hewed a home and a clearing out of the forest and learned there and then, half a century ago, the foundations for his wood lore. Hunting and trapping was then a serious business on which life and sustenance depended. He learned the tricks of making birch bark canoes from the Indians and later he went into the business of manufacturing snowshoes. Even today Salmon snowshoes are noted throughout the North for their good qualities.

Just before the war Tom Salmon decided to settle down to a dignified old age, but when war did come it drew all the young guides out of the park and Tommy Salmon was very much in demand again. He could not deny the call of the lakes and forests, and so he went back to business.

He is an artist in the manufacture of flies that lure the most reluctant and elusive of speckled beauties when all other lures fail, and in a canoe he is as straight-backed and deft as an Indian chief.

All Soul's Eve

Never a creature stirred within the house
when I crept out,
And not an eye is watching me to see which
way I rove;
The moor is full of shadows and the moon
grows pale above,
I hear the midnight bells a-chime from
steeples all about,
And it's time to meet my love.

A month ago he said to me, "On All Soul's
Eve we'll meet.
I'll wait beside the cross-roads, for I dare not
come to you
While those red-coats watch the village—but I
know my dear is true.
She will come to me at midnight, to make the
short hours sweet,
And plight our troth anew."

There's many a prowling ghost abroad upon
the moor tonight,
But I will keep my fingers crossed and just
stare straight ahead.
Although my heart is broken by the tidings
newly spread,
They shall not keep me from his side—we
have a troth to plight
Before the dawn grows red.

The moon is sliding down the sky, day is not
far behind,
And I must haste to meet the man who said
he'd wait for me.
I shall find him at the cross-roads . . .
though no glad sight to see. . . .
For they've hanged him there in rusty chains
—he's twisting in the wind.
Upon the gallows-tree.

—Joyce E. J. Collard, in The English Review.

Father of the Senate Was Hustled Into It

ALTHOUGH the Hon. George Casimir Dessaulles, carying his one hundred and two years fairly sprightly, is the oldest man in the Senate, he is not the oldest Senator. The real "Father of the Senate," in point of service, is another man of French blood, the Hon. Pascal Poirier. For forty-five years—since 1885—he has sat on the red cushions. He is one of two surviving Senators—the other being Hon. Hippolyte Montplaisir—who owe their appointments to Sir John Macdonald. Senator Poirier celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday on February 15.

About Poirier's appointment to the Senate there is an Ottawa legend. Poirier, a strong Conservative, was Postmaster in the House of Commons. The story goes that Sir John Macdonald, facing the possibility that one of his measures would be rejected in the Upper House (the Mackenzie administration had resulted in his having but a precarious majority there) one day suddenly summoned Poirier from his postoffice, swore him into a Senate vacancy, and saw him vote his measure to success the very next day.

Whether this story is a legend and nothing more, it is difficult to say. In any event the appointment proved a good one. Poirier, descended from an old Acadian family, was a distinguished member of the legal profession (being a member of the bar both in New Brunswick and Quebec) and was also distinguished as a writer. He has been long connected with a number of French-Canadian literary societies, and in addition to having produced a scholarly work on "L'Origine des Acadiens" and "Le Parler Franco-Acadien et Ses Origines," he has been an active contributor to the newspapers.

LONG eyelashes are considered to add to the charm of a face. But they are, according to a Japanese physician, a sign of weak vitality. This doctor says that consumptive children have lashes twice as long as those of healthy little ones. While a normal baby's eyelashes grow about an eighth of an inch during its first year, tiny sufferers from infantile diseases have at the end of twelve months lashes twice as long. These discoveries were made in a hospital attached to one of the Imperial universities. More than 7,000 children were examined during two years.

Story of C.M.R.'s to Appear

W. REDVERS Dent, Anglican preacher of Orillia, two years ago wrote "Show Me Death," impelled, perhaps by a somewhat similar post-war reaction that inspired "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Good Bye to All That," and a score of other war stories that have been since published, but publishers were inclined to be chary at first of a new author's story which was so startlingly different and so brutally realistic. Now they have embraced it enthusiastically, and it is to be published next month, the story of how the C. M. R.'s proved they were not the C. M. Rums. The early scenes are laid in Toronto, and many well-known characters, including General Draper, are disguised in its pages. A condensed version of the story entitled "Cry Havoc" has aroused considerable attention.

William Rowan Is King Of Northern Lakes In Saskatchewan

WILLIAM ROWAN

CANADA'S prairie provinces provide flour for most of the pancakes and doughnuts eaten in Toronto and Montreal. The honey on your breakfast table may be from Southern Manitoba. Last Sunday's turkey, as likely as not, come from one of the big ranches in Saskatchewan or Alberta. And there are people who predict that a string of canning factories will be built on the plains of the West to take care of fruit and vegetable harvests.

The changing West is finding widely scattered markets for its diversified products. Just now the particular phenomenon of the Prairie Provinces is the fishing industry.

Far from the sea, these provinces have a harvest of something like 20,000,000 pounds of whitefish and trout every year, most of the harvest coming in the dead of Winter when the Eastern Canada and American markets are at their best.

In Saskatchewan a scant army of 1,000 half-breeds, Indians, Norwegians and a few others scour the Northern lakes during the coldest months of the Winter. They harvest nearly half the crop of Western whitefish and trout.

To them William Rowan is king.

They call him "Cap" Rowan, of Master of the Fish. His word is law in the North country and he travels from Prince Albert to the Barrens. Inspector for the Federal Department of Marine and Fisheries, "Cap" Rowan has mushed over Northern Saskatchewan trails for twenty years. A short, stocky veteran, whose greatest kick in life is a cigarette at the end of a long day on the trail. He is a big man in a big country.

This Winter Rowan left Prince Albert bound for the Barrens. He planned to inspect every lake along the route and to travel into little-known country in search for new fishing grounds.

Rowan faced great hazards. He traveled alone in a country which has not been reached by the map makers. They know its borders, its outer fringe, but they have learned little of the interior. The doughty little fisheries inspector chose fifty below zero weather to explore this country.

Population is scanty—Chipewyans and a few Crees. Trails are treacherous, with reports of a number of deaths by drowning on the Northern lakes this year. Rowan himself has had some narrow escapes.

"Cap" Rowan occupies an important position in Saskatchewan's big commercial fishing industry. For three months after the opening of the Northern season in November he travels from lake to lake, sanctioning or stopping fishing operations. His word is law and the native fishermen obey him without dispute. There are no police, no game guardians, no other Government agents in the country he travels. But on his say-so fishing operations cease on one lake and are resumed on another.

Ambition Then Took the Place of Love

MR. Hideo Noguchi, the famous Japanese bacteriologist, who lost his life two years ago while carrying on experiments in Africa, was a studious person all his life and never what one would call a "lady's man," but the fact that the girl he hoped to make his wife married some other doctor fired him with the ambition which to a great extent was responsible for his notable success as a scientist, according to Dr. T. Miyahara, a great friend and co-worker of Dr. Noguchi.

The story was told in connection with the recent dedication of a monument in memory of Dr. Noguchi at his home town in Fukushima prefecture. "Noguchi never liked any girls," Dr. Miyahara said, "because his family was very poor and he could not wear fine clothes. But his intelligence was noticed when he was in primary school and he always led his class.

"When he was twenty years old and a student in medical school he fell in love with one of the girl medical students, but as it was thought immoral to marry purely because of love she would not receive his suit. Later he went to America and after sending her some souvenirs of the United States, Dr. Noguchi heard that she had married a doctor in Japan. It was a terrible disappointment, but seemed to drive him to work all the more to his scientific experiments."

Medical Men in England Side With Advocates Of Short Skirts

THE medical men of England have come to the assistance of woman who are carrying on a terrific war against the dress designers who insist that skirts should go down. Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, one of the world's most distinguished surgeons, has enlisted on the side of the "short skirters."

"I must congratulate those women who have announced their intention to resist a return to long skirts," he says. "Women have reached an advanced stage in sensible and healthy clothing. It would be an infinite pity if they went back. Long skirts and tight bodices belong to a different era. The active modern women would lose a great deal in comfort, health and appearance if she adopted these fashions."

A sailor was charged with insubordination in the form of resistance to being introduced to the swimming bath.

Asked what he had to say for himself, he replied: "Sir, I've been in the Navy three days. The first day the doctor drawed six of my teeth, the second day I was vaccinated, and the third day the petty officer says to me, 'Come along; we're goin' to drown yer!'"

As the average age of the population increases year by year, the influence of cautious greybeards may possibly be too strong.—Dean Inge

A Page for CHILDREN

A Great Scottish Discoverer

Sir Charles Bell

WE do not know as much as we should about the great men who have spent their lives in relieving pain and fighting disease. It is too sadly true that there is much left to do for the youth of today in the great field of medicine and surgery. It is only right that boys and girls now in school should learn something of those men who, at long intervals, have made the great discoveries which have led to the conquest of suffering.

Among these Sir Charles Bell, who lived from 1774 to 1842, holds an honored place. He was one among several Scottish doctors who brought honor to his birthplace, the son of an Episcopal minister in Edinburgh.

His mother had three distinguished sons, John, a surgeon; George, a noted lawyer, and Charles, of whom we are going to learn something. It was from her, this son says, that as a boy he learned everything. Mrs. Bell was an artist and this son inherited her talent.

As a young man, the clergyman, his father, had been cured of a painful sickness by a surgeon and in thankfulness promised that if he had a son he would bring him up to be a doctor. John was the first boy and the father kept his promise. As surgeon and author this son distinguished himself, though in his practice he displeased some of the old-fashioned physicians of that day.

Charles, who was eleven years younger, became his apprentice. His talent for drawing enabled him to illustrate beautifully some of John's surgical works.

Goes to London

YOUNG Dr. Charles Bell resolved to go to London where that famous surgeon, Dr. John Hunter, had done such wonderful work in a previous generation. As a boy Charles had studied the faces of everyone he knew. He say that expressions changed as joy, or sorrow, anger, pain or fear were felt. His ready pencil enabled him to record such changes of expression. When he grew older he wrote a book on "The Anatomy of Expression."

The part the nerves played in our bodies was little understood in that day. Harvey had revealed the circulation of the blood in another century. Many surgeons had made known the mechanism of bones and muscles. But how the nerves helped to do the work of the body was little understood.

Bell's Discovery

IN the February issue of My Magazine there is a description of Bell's discovery which the older boys and girls can understand. The editor says:

"Why should sensation remain unimpaired in a limb when all voluntary power over its muscles is lost? Why, on the other hand, should muscular power remain when feeling is gone? Nobody had ever known; all who had thought reasonably about it assumed that one nerve, or set of nerves, was responsible for both movement and sensation. As the outcome of experiment and inspired deduction it was revealed to Bell for the first time that the nerves are composed of two sets of fibres, each posseasing distinct and separate functions. One set is sensory and conveys sensations to the brain; the other is motor and excites movement. In the nerve trunk itself these fibres are inextricably interwoven and indistinguishable, but at their origin in the spinal cord they are distinct, and arise from separate portions of that structure."

Since this discovery was made in the last century thousands, perhaps millions, of people suffering from nervous diseases have been cured or their sufferings alleviated.

A Happy Life

DR. Charles Bell was opposed in his own day, as most people who leave the beaten path have been opposed, but he has been blessed and revered by those who profited by his labors. He was married to Marion Shaw, his own countrywoman, and one of the best and kindest of wives. In his boyhood he had learned to love the great out-of-doors, beautiful books, lovely pictures and sweet music. Hard and constant work could not rob such a man of delight in life.

Honors came to this good physician, for he was made a knight with a group of very distinguished men in 1831. Nearly a hundred years after Sir Charles Bell's death in 1842 there is still great need for the wise and unselfish labors of good physicians.

LITTLE TUPPEN

By M. GENEVIEVE SILVESTER

MAKE-A-BOOK—Save the twelve pictures that tell this story to make a book. Cut them out and paste them on white paper. You will then have a complete story. Cut a cover from stiff paper and sew the pages of the book into it with a big, strong stitch.

"I will," said the shoemaker, "if you will get me some leather.

Mother Hen ran to the red cow. She cried, "Please, Red Cow, give me some leather. Then the shoemaker can make Dan some shoes. And Dan will shake the oak tree. Oak Tree will give me a cup. I will take the cup to the brook. Brook will give me some water.

9

I want it for Little Tuppen. He is choking, choking, choking!'

"I will," said the Red Cow, "if you will get me some hay."

Mother Hen ran to the farmer. She cried, "Please, Farmer, give me some hay. I want the hay for Red Cow. She will give me some leather. I will give the leather to the shoemaker.

11

The Third Month of the Year

The First of Spring

Oh, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
That wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

SO sang one of the lovers of nature, William Cullen Bryan, and most of us, like him, will welcome in the month that brings to our minds the promise that "seedtime and harvest shall not cease."

In our favored province March is often a very pleasant month. This year February has soaked the thirsty soil and filled every stream to overflowing. Before March is over, farmers and gardeners hope to be busy preparing the warmed land for the seed that will in the months to follow bring a bountiful harvest.

Our forefathers pictured March "as a man of tawny color and fierce aspect." He is shown leaning on a spade, holding almond blossoms in his left hand with a basket of seeds on his arm. In his right hand is the figure of the sign of Aries or the Ram, this being the emblem of the group of stars in which the sun is now seen.

English farmers hoped for a dry March in the old days. "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom"; "A cloud of March dust is worth a guinea a peck"; "A dry March never begs its bread," are some of the proverbs farmers repeated to each other as they met on their way to the fields.

Flower Lovers

TO many of us, especially to the children, March is welcome because it brings to us the first of that long procession of flowers that help to make our world such a happy place.

Already the snowdrops are fading and the crocuses are ready to open their golden and purple cups. In sunny borders the aconite shows its golden cups and the primrose smiles timidly at us. Soon the children will be seeking the lovely purple flowers of our blue-eyed grass, once so plentiful in every open space. The fur of the willow catkins is sprinkled with yellow, and those of the alder, now crimson, will soon fall. As the month goes on the days will come when—

Daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady smocks of silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,

for in our England-loving island most of her flowers have found a home, if not in meadow then in garden.

We have the "Daffodils that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty," and many others. But among the blossoms that March brings us, but leaves the richest dower for April, none is lovelier than our own wild lily. Already its leaves may be seen and, in sheltered places, buds may be peeping forth. Gather them sparingly, if at all, children. Have we no poet to sing of the beauty of this lovely blossom?

But birds as well as flowers begin to come, borne on the gentler breezes of this first of Spring months. What boy or girl in the gardens and orchards near Victoria will mark their coming and let our readers know their names, what they are like and how they busy themselves. Perhaps of all the gifts of March not the least precious are these little visitors from Southern lands. So let us listen to Wordsworth's invitation—

"It is the first mild day of March
Each moment sweeter than before;
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher."

The Poor Children and Their Mother

THERE were some fairly rich people who always helped the poor, if they could do it without spending too much money on them. One day the mother was walking with the daughter in the garden, when a poor woman came running up to them and begged them to help her. She had a family of twelve and could hardly get enough for them to eat. "Oh do help us, for my husband is ill in bed and cannot work," said she. The mother promised to help her and gave her enough money to feed the family of children.

The woman did not visit them for a long time, but they did not forget her. On Valentine's Day the daughter remembered her and asked if they could not send her something to eat. "Yes," said her mother. They went down town and bought cherry cake in the shape of a heart and heart-shaped cookies. Then they bought a warm shawl and dress for the mother, some warm clothes for the father, warm dresses for the children. They took the things to the poor people's house and then went down town to spend the rest of the day.

When they returned home they found a Valentine waiting for them, on which was written: "With many thanks for the lovely warm clothes."

The mother and daughter, you may be sure, felt very pleased at having made the poor people so happy.

Lorna Aitkens, Aged 9 years.
R.M.D. No. 4, Victoria, B.C.

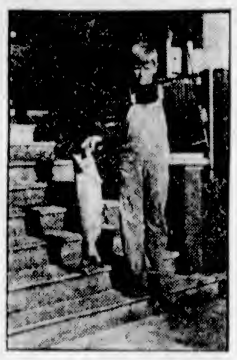
She said she had "turned twenty-three",
I've noticed that many girls do;
If you turn twenty-three it is easy to see,
The answer is just "thirty-two."

The results of any course of action are seldom either so successful or so disastrous as expectations.—Mr. Philip Snowden.

How I Caught My Eight-Pound Salmon

The morning of the second of September my father and I got up at four o'clock to go fishing.

Before we started out we had a hot drink and an egg each, then we picked up our tackle and got in the car and drove to Foul Bay, where a boat was waiting.



When the boat was pushed out my father started to row towards Clover Point while I got my tackle ready, which was made up of a small steel rod and fifty yards of fine trout line. When I had put on my gut and spoon I dropped it over; then dad got his out.

We were trolling for about fifteen minutes when a salmon grabbed my line. He struggled for a second or two, but got away. We waited for another fifteen minutes, and I hooked another fish. The first thing he did was to jump clear of the water; then he made a rush of about ten yards and came rushing back. After ten or fifteen minutes of this kind of fighting my father gaffed him and brought him into the boat. It was the only one we caught that morning.

When I got home I immediately borrowed scales from a neighbor and weighed it. Its weight was eight and one-half pounds.

Hugh MacDonald, Age 10.
1164 Roslyn Road, Victoria, B.C.

Drawing Contest for St. Patrick's Day

THE last week of this drawing competition has come. It is hoped that by Saturday a great many designs will have been sent in and that the best will be suitable for reproduction. The memory of Ireland's patron saint is worthy of your best efforts.

CONDITIONS

1—Competitors must be not more than sixteen years of age.
2—The cover must be 5¾ inches across and 7 inches deep, and contain the printed words, "Legends of St. Patrick."
3—Paper must be white and ink-black. (Reeve's India ink is good.)
4—The design must not be a copy, but the work of the competitor.
5—The drawing must be in by March 8.
6—Address:

Drawing Competition,
Page for Children,
Daily Colonist,
Victoria, B.C.

Answer to Puzzles

Dear Editor?—I am enclosing puzzles in February 9 issue of The Daily Colonist.

The Valentines are: "My heart for you will always pine." "Sweetheart, can't you be my Valentine."

1. There are twelve dozen in a gross. 2. Norway is known as the Land of the Midnight Sun. 3. The states that border on Mexico are California, New Mexico, Arizona and Texas. 4. The nation the Graf Zeppelin belongs to is Germany. 5. Quebec is located on the Saint Lawrence River. 7. The comedian for his Scottish songs is Harry Lauder. 8. The first Englishman who smoked tobacco was Sir Walter Raleigh. The answer to the problem: There were 1,500 spectators at the meeting.

Frances Moulton, Age 9.

Jules Verne was the author of "A Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."—Editor, Children's Page.

The Veldt, South Africa

Cast the window wider, sonny,
Let me see the veldt,
Rolling grandly to the sunset,
Where the mountains melt,
With the sharp horizon round it,
Like a silver belt.

Years and years I've trekked across it,
Ridden back and fore,
Till the silence and the glamor
Ruled me to the core;
No man ever knew it better,
None could love it more.

There's a balm for crippled spirits
In the open view,
Running from your very footsetps
Out into the blue,
Like a wagon track to heaven,
Straight 'twixt God and you.

There's a magic, soul-compelling,
In the boundless space,
And it grows upon you, sonny,
Like a woman's face—
Passionate and pale and tender,
With a marble grace.

There's the sum of all religion
In its mightiness;
Winged truths, beyond your doubting,
Close about you press,
God is greater in the open—
Little man is less.

* * * * *

There's a sense you gather, sonny,
In the open air;
Shift your burden ere it breaks you,
God will take his share.
Keep your end up, for your own sake;
All the rest's His care.

There's a spot I know of, sonny,
Yonder by the stream;
Bushes handy for the fire,
Water for the team.
By the old home outspan, sonny,
Let me lie and dream.

—Percival Gibbon.

Posers

1. Of what material are bathtubs usually made?
2. What kick is used with the "side stroke" in swimming?"
3. Where is the United States Naval Academy located?
4. What city is the capital of South Dakota?
5. What is a young goose called.
6. Who invented the electric light?
7. What ancient nation was famous for its athletic games?
8. How many pockets are usually found in a man's three-piece suit?

Saving Sixpence

Each of five boys saved sixpence. To make up his sixpence each boy found that he had ten coins; but every boy's collection was different from the others. For example, one boy had two pennies, and eight halfpennies. No other boy's ten coins were made up in this way, and no two boys were alike. What coins had the other four boys saved?

Coins that could have been used were farthings, threepenny pieces, pennies and halfpennies.

I hoped that no government would ever again have a clear majority in Parliament.—Mr. Ramsay Muir.

Little Folks' Stories—A New Competition

FOR a long time now the best place on this page has been given up to the little children. Many pretty tales have been told and illustrated by pictures. It was intended that children should make books of the stories and pictures.

Of course, many of you have the stories published in other books, but that is not quite like making a book of your very own, is it?

Two weeks ago "Little Tuppen" was begun, and it promises to be funny and pretty. How many children under ten will color the pictures with crayons or paint and sew them into a pretty little volume? Almost any boy or girl in the junior grades could do it if he or she took the trouble. Ernest Robinson has won two prizes now and he has the books to remind him of when he was a little boy.

To encourage you, The Colonist will give two prizes for the best illustrated story of "Little Tuppen," a first prize of $3 and a second of $2. Your book must be ready two weeks after the story is finished. The work must be your very own, but you may get advice from teacher or other grown-ups. Hunt up the papers and begin at once. Then put away each page carefully. The books sent in will be returned. Of course you know Miss Sylvester did not make the stories. Some of them were very old. What she did was to make them fit the little squares.

Puzzle Corner

One evening a cook noticed that among the kinds of food she had used during the day there were twelve which, when their initial letters were arranged in a certain order, would spell her name.

Below the twelve words are given in a jumbled form, but they are placed in the right order. What was the cook's name?

Sgeg, kiml, ngcil, rdal, tsyne, sliansr, innoos, abder, eeenrt, ceri, eeactir, gasru.

King Wants to Be a Cowboy

HERE is shown eight-year-old King Michael of Rumania, the most rigidly-guarded sovereign in Europe, whose one ambition is to be a cowboy. He is the son of the lovely Princess Elena of Greece and Prince Carol, and the grandson of the Queen Mother, Marie. (1) Michael, upon the occasion of his eighth birthday, sporting his first suit of long trousers. (2) Interesting portrait study of the boy king on his seventh birthday. (3) At the funeral of the late King Ferdinand, and (4) another delightful study of Michael and his new suit.

The Swallow's Nest—A Letter From the Arctic

WHO would expect a letter from a boy in Alaska to find its way into a London newspaper? Yet in The Children's Newspaper we find a letter from Sidney Waldo Moore, of Kobuk, Alaska, within the Arctic Circle. It is such a good letter that the Children's Page editor thinks you will like to read it. Sidney is a Boy Scout. He tells us all about a swallow's nest.

Bird Houses Made

"OUR yard," he says," seemed to be the birds' camping ground, for there were new arrivals every morning. Daddy and I made two bird houses and put them among the branches of the birch trees. When the leaves came it seemed a homely place, and I could hardly wait for the birds to take a look at the houses made for them.

"The first to notice them was a warbler, she went in and seemed to be making up her mind, but then came out and decided it wouldn't do. She found better quarters down by the river. A man from a trading post up the river called and said he was sure birds in Alaska would not use a made house.

"But the very next day two swallows arrived and flew straight to one of my houses in the trees. Mrs. Swallow went inside and Mr. Swallow sat on the roof and talked as fast as he could. My mother stood under the tree and talked about table linen and such things, and the birds twittered back as if they were joining in the conversation. They were not long in making up their minds to take the place, and at once their house-furnishing began.

Inquisitive Eskimos

"MRS. Swallow made many trips with grasses and straws, and Mr. Swallow occasionally darted down to the garden for a mouthful of mud, which he used to putty up the cracks. In a few days the home was finished and Mrs. Swallow's household duties began. Afterwards we saw less of her, and I thought they were gone, but Daddy said he was sure there were eggs in the nest.

"When the Eskimos returned to the village I had a hard time keeping the boys and girls away from that nest. Some wanted to shake it out of the tree, and others to climb up and look in. At last Daddy had to tell them they should not come into the yard to play unless they would leave the birds alone. One day, when mosquitoes were humming everywhere, and Mr. and Mrs. Swallow were both darting out to fill their mouths so full of mosquitoes that they stuck out on all sides, I knew the young birds had come.

Sat on Wire and Called

"THERE came a day later on when the old swallows seemed to have decided that the young ones should either come out and fly or go hungry, for they sat on a wire outside and called them, and there was such a squealing within. At last one little fellow came out on the porch, and his father and mother sailed over him as if saying 'Come on; it's easy; come on and try it.' After a while he grew brave and found his wings would really hold him up, and then he never wanted to stop, but darted here and there catching mosquitoes, and at last came to rest on the wire with the old birds. Next day all four had learned to fly, and now my little house is empty."

There are a number of Boy Scouts in Victoria and other districts on Vancouver Island. Can any of them write as good a letter as Scout Moore, of Kobuk, Alaska?

World-wide travel is not an accomplished fact; it is only beginning.—Prof. A. M. Low.

Suburb and Country

Agriculture is a first principle: on it rests the life and happiness of mankind.—Julius A. Hancock

Care of Poultry on the Farm

By R. C. GIBSON

EVERY poultry farmer should learn the art of caponizing. It is a simple operation and a quick one after a little practice. A handbook is published and a set of specially-made instruments can now be purchased in this country at a moderate price. The best plan is to see the operation done by an experienced man. More will be learned that way than by reading about it. It also gives you more confidence to operate and there will be less likelihood of making an error. Slips will be made, though there is very little excuse for mistakes if the poultry man be careful when he is using his lancet. Care must be taken that the operation is complete. Both glands must be entirely removed. If a small part is left, this will grow and reproductive organs will again be replaced, and a bird half a cockerel and half a capon will be the result.

Although it is not necessary to use anaesthetics, chloroform may be used with no ill effects. To chloroform the patient is an easy task. Take a few drops of chloroform on a piece of cotton wool and allow the cockerel to breathe it. It will only be a second or two before the cockerel is overcome. The cutting must be started at once. In a very short time, when the operator has gained confidence, the assistant will have to get two or three cockerels under the anaesthetic at once so as to keep the operating table supplied. If the large incision be longer than one inch it should be sewn up with white silk thread. Only one stitch is necessary, and that should be made in the middle of the incision.

Advantages of the Capon

CAPONIZING is undoubtedly worth while where a trade is done in table chickens. Capons grow much faster and make more weight than cockerels. They are also more docile, seldom crow and are slow to go into the moult. The quality of the capon's flesh is also superior to that of an ordinary cockerel. There is no doubt that caponizing could be made an important branch of the British Columbia poultry industry. The poultry raisers in the British Isles, the continent of Europe and in America find it a paying proposition and have practiced it for many years. There is, however, not the same demand in Western Canada for poultry of this description, but we believe it is growing daily, and if the supply were present the demand would soon follow. Many poultry farms only raise sufficient cockerels for their own local markets, but they could develop—we have now cold storage—this branch with great benefit to themselves by sending further afield. If it is taken up, crossbred cockerels of the heavy breeds should be used. They are naturally stronger in every way. They have more stamina and grow faster. Sex linkage is of great assistance where cockerels are in demand. The cockerels can be reared by themselves from the day old chick stage and receive special treatment to bring them on to the stage for operating upon in the shortest time. These sex-linked cockerels could be purchased at the day-old stage at a very small cost.

The Barnevelder

PERHAPS the variety that has made the most remarkable progress during the last two or three years is the Dutch breed, the Barnevelder. It is undoubtedly purely a utility breed, and when breeders lose sight of that its days are numbered. The matter of maintaining these economic properties is not just an easy matter. To begin with, the Barnevelder is somewhat slow in maturing, which handicaps it right away as far as number of eggs is concerned. Then again, it is a most difficult matter to get the number of eggs when they are large-sized eggs. The deep-brown color of egg can also be easily lost; in fact, it is a difficult matter to maintain the depth of color throughout the season.

The enthusiasts have, however, been able to do all the above up to the present, and many really excellent strains have been established, so that it is possible for beginners to secure reliable stock if they purchase with care. Size of egg is perhaps as important as anything now that the marketing and grading of eggs has become prevalent. To get a good-sized egg the fowl must be of a fair size itself. It must have substance to be able to produce large eggs in goodly numbers. There is a decided tendency to let the size of the birds go down. The hens must be of a decent size, with good breadth of back and front, so as to give body capacity. Little narrow-fronted birds may retain the high fecundity, but the size of eggs must be correspondingly small. All breeding males should be as massive as possible if the progeny is to be of any size. The larger birds are somewhat longer in coming into lay, but the value of eggs produced will be greater than that produced by the smaller birds.

The White Wyandotte

THE White Wyandotte is a striking example of this. At first, when only the number of eggs was thought of, the breeders concentrated on that point alone with the result that the hens dwindled down in substance, laying large numbers of eggs, but these were little larger than bantams', and were practically unsaleable. And that grand breed would have been ruined had the observant and scientific breeders not taken the breed up and bred it back into popularity.

The little under-sized White Wyandottes have almost disappeared altogether, and the breed is again at the very top in the utility world for size and number of eggs. The Barney, as it is, deserves all the popularity it has gained, and it is up to the breeders to maintain its good qualities.

There is a section for Barnevelders to be put on at the National laying tests which will still further lend lustre to its fame. The color and markings of the hens have been greatly improved during the past year, so that breeders can concentrate on the number of eggs for a time. As Barneys are a bit slow in maturing, it is advisable to hatch them out as early as possible, so as to have them ready for Autumn egg production. Those who intend competing at the national tests would need to have their prospective winners well on their way now.

Sending to Market

THE important thing with poultry which are fat and ready to kill is to get them to market without the loss of a single day. If there is delay the poultry is likely to deteriorate in quality. It will be found best to sell the cockerels as soon as possible after they weigh a pound and a quarter. That is where the profit lies, for beyond that stage each pound of growth costs more to produce and the price does not go up accordingly. Due regard should be paid in sending poultry to market to assorting them according to size, age and condition, and poor stock should not be in the same package. This is only common sense, as it has been proved again and again that the inferior birds always pull the price down. It is never the other way about. It is good business to sell each grade separately. More attention should be given to the plucking, and the head and legs should be clean. Buyers of poultry for food nearly always look at the legs first—they tell a lot to the purchaser.

Early Potatoes

IN favorable districts, early potatoes should be planted now. In backward districts it is advisable to wait another ten to fourteen days. Do not rush away to start the job at once. Better defer the operation until weather conditions are reasonable and the ground has had a day or two to dry out. Your tubers, sprouting away on the trays, are not losing anything.

In regard to the method of planting, let us state emphatically that we do not advise planting with a dibber, because it is next door to impossible to plant at a uniform depth. Set your line and scoop out a trench with the hoe to a depth of four to six inches. Put the tubers in this at the proper distance apart with the sprouts upwards and then cover in. If you want first-class exhibition potatoes, fill in over each seed set a compost consisting largely of leaf mould, loam and sand in about equal parts. Indeed, any compost such as is used in the greenhouse will serve, or even rotted leaf refuse alone or a peat compost.

Early potatoes as a rule have haulm or stems which are much dwarfer than that on seconds and main crop. The distance between the rows may therefore be reduced, but never less than two feet. Potatoes need space, and many gardeners—and others—are inclined to crowd their plants too much. When full grown the plants may meet across the rows, but no more. The distance apart is generally given as half that. We prefer more and would have you plant at fifteen inches apart. You will find that wide spacing pays in every way.

A last word must be said about fertilizers. Potatoes grow above the seed set mainly, and they root right up the stem, therefore fertilizers will tell best above the set. Cover the sets lightly with soil, then scatter the fertilizer along the row to a breadth of one foot and finally cover or rake it in.

Give a quarter of a pound of fertilizer to every square yard of potatoes, but not all at this time. Give rather more than half now, the rest to be kept for scattering between the rows before earthing up. Use a potato manure or, if you mix your own, remember that potash gives quality and ammonia quantity.

Tour Arranged for Delegates to World Poultry Congress

FOR the benefit of delegates to the Fourth World Poultry Congress, an official tour of Great Britain and Northern Ireland has been arranged. Delegates will leave London on Thursday, July 31, and return on Monday, August 11. The Irish Free State has arranged a tour that will be taken en route, when governments, municipalities and other bodies will entertain the visitors. The main purpose of those responsible for organizing the tour has been to combine a visit to places of interest to agriculturists in general and poultry farmers in particular, with a run through the beauty spots and historic centres of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

A brief note of the itinerary will explain the scope and purpose of the journey: Stratford-on-Avon; The Harper Adams College (Shropshire); Chester; Liverpool; Ruthin (for Llysfasi Farm Institute); The Welsh Highlands for Holyhead and Dublin; The Munster Institute at Cork. (The Irish Free State Government will entertain delegates to lunch.); Lakes of Killarney (optional); Dublin; Annamoe Poultry Farm in County Wicklow, where Mr. Robert Barton will entertain the delegates to tea; Belfast (official reception and dinner by Government of Northern Ireland); Giants' Causeway; Larne; Stranraer; Glasgow (reception being arranged); Motor journeys to the Trossachs; Stirling; Kilmarnock; Edinburgh (poultry farms within motoring distance); Scott's country; Liverpool; Lancashire, one of the main centres of British poultry-keeping (reception); Tour through the Lake Country and special train to London.

The cost of the tour, which is limited exclusively to delegates, will be $125, and the arrangements are in the hands of Thomas Cook & Son, Limited.

A copy of an illustrated pamphlet giving full details of the tour may be obtained free of charge on application to the Secretary, World Poultry Congress, Ministry of Agriculture, 10 Whitehall Place, London, S.W.1.

A typist evidently thinks, the bell on her typewriter rings when she reaches the end of every line to remind her to powder her nose.

Vancouver Island Sheep-Raising

Latest R.O.P. List of B.C. Jerseys Shows Test Results

THE following is the latest list of Jersey R.O.P. records issued by the department at Ottawa. Noteworthy among the 305-day records is one of 7,443 pounds of milk and 402 pounds of fat by the three-year-old heifer Glenbourne Silver Shield, owned by Mr. Eric R. Hamilton, Koksilah.

The 365-day class is led by April King's Pauline and Daisy Willoh, two mature cows owned by A. E. Dumvill, Sardis, which won the prizes awarded by the B.C. Dairymen's Association.

305-Day Division

VALENTINE'S Princess—1 year 325 days; 6,142 pounds milk; 352 pounds fat; average test, 5.73 per cent; E. W. Nicholson, Ardley.

Raleigh's White Rose—2 years 39 days; 5,081 pounds milk; 325 pounds fat; average test, 6.41; A. H. Temple, Summerland.

Richmond Sybil Adorned—2 years 81 days; 6,065 pounds milk; 327 pounds fat; average test, 5.39; R. Johnson, West Summerland.

Quilchena Ruth—2 years 222 days; 6,497 pounds milk; 338 pounds fat; average test, 5.22; Reeves Bros, Eburne.

Adrina's Owl's Norah—2 years 340 days; 6,523 pounds milk; 338 pounds fat; average test, 5.18; D. H. Leech, Salmon Arm.

Belleview Rosebud—3 years 45 days; 8,944 pounds milk; 450 pounds fat; average test, 5.03; Mrs. Marion A. Chambers, Vernon.

Homewood Polo's Ada—3 years 92 days; 8,157 pounds milk; 398 pounds fat; average test, 4.88; E. S. Whittaker, Agassiz.

Owl's Silver Peggy of K.—3 years 117 days; 9,524 pounds milk; 515 pounds fat; average test, 5.41; F. H. Peterson, Port Crawford.

Glenbourne Silver Shella—3 years 327 days; 7,443 pounds milk; 402 pounds fat; average test, 5.40; Eric R. Hamilton, Koksilah.

Jersey's Prince Pauline—5 years; 10,142 pounds milk; 501 pounds fat; average test, 4.94; Harry Chapman, Langley Prairie.

Washington St. Mawes Tox—5 years; 9,617 pounds milk; 493 pounds fat; average test, 5.13; E. C. Hawkins, Crofton.

Lansdowne Peggy—5 years; 268 days in milk; 8,713 pounds milk; 428 pounds fat; average test, 4.91; Robert Shannon, Summerland.

St. Mawes Verta—6 years; 8,982 pounds milk; 518 pounds fat; average test, 5.77; William Clarke, Agassiz.

Ida Rosalind 2nd—8 years; 8,496 pounds milk; 373 pounds fat; average test, 4.39; S. F. Harvey, Mt. Lehman.

365-Day Division

OWL'S Sylvan of Morva—1 year 346 days; 7,655 pounds milk; 434 pounds fat; average test, 5.67; E. C. Hawkins.

Belleview Lady—2 years 169 days; 7,647 pounds milk; 446 pounds fat; average test, 5.83; L. F. Hornby, Ladner.

Eminent's Bessie—3 years 176 days; 8332 pounds milk; 455 pounds fat; average test, 5.43; J. H. Heywood, Crawford Bay.

Maplelawn Dream—5 years; 9,823 pounds milk; 548 pounds fat; average test, 5.58; P. H. Grimmer, Port Washington.

April King's Pauline—7 years; milked three times daily for 365 days; 12,022 pounds milk; 800 pounds fat; average test, 6.65; A. E. Dunvill, Sardis.

Daisy Willoh—8 years; milked three times daily for 243 days; 10,362 pounds milk; 710 pounds fat; average test, 6.86; A. E. Dunvill.

Loganberry-Growers: Have You—

REMOVED all the old cane growth and trained in sturdy new canes by way of replacements?

Shortened the long canes by a foot or more to encourage them to throw plenty of strong fruiting laterals?

Duly thinned young canes so there is no overcrowding, and the trellis or fence is just comfortably furnished?

Burnt all the old growths cut out, so getting rid of berry-spoiling beetles and like pests bound to be infesting them?

Cleaned the base of the clumps of all weeds and rubbish in which these pests can hide?

Put a thick mulch of old manure on the ground about the canes?

Cut back the newly-planted canes to within a foot or so of the ground?

Lifted and replanted in good soil the rooted cane-tips pegged down into lightish soil last Autumn with a view to increasing your stock of plants?

All the foregoing items should have been seen to by this time and if they still await attention let there be no further delay.

Have you "seen" the wine company about taking your season's crop. If so, this will enable you to supply more "elbow grease" to harvest.

Asparagus Bed Should Be Planted During Wintertime

ALTHOUGH usually asparagus is not planted till the soil begins to get warm in the Spring, it is well to prepare a bed during the Winter, so that the soil may settle down after deep trenching and by the time of planting.

An asparagus bed once well made should last a lifetime, or at least twenty years. For the best results a deep soil, well drained and liberally manured, is essential, and as even a small bed will take some time to make if the task has to be done in intervals of leisure, it is best to get ahead with it now. Dig to a depth of at least three "spits," or three times the depth of the blade of the spade, which means between two and two-and-a-half feet. This should give a good depth of soil. If drainage is necessary, put in some drain pipes to convey the water from the bed; or, if pipes cannot be put in, make a narrow trench and fill it with rubble or clinkers. Usually a full-sized asparagus bed is five feet wide and any length desired. This allows for three rows at eighteen inches apart, with the outer rows a foot from the edge of the bed. A bed of two rows would be about three and one-half feet wide, the rows being still eighteen inches apart and a foot from the edge of the bed.

Plenty of Light

WHATEVER the size of the bed the method of preparation is the same. Choose a site which will give the asparagus plenty of light and sunshine and will be away from the drip of trees. Begin by measuring the bed and setting at each corner a stout stake, which may on completion be cut off to a foot above the level of the bed. Set the line to mark off the outline of the bed and chip along the line with the spade to make a guiding mark. Then set the line centrally down the bed so as to halve it longitudinally; take out the top soil to the depth of the blade of the spade, and set one half to one side and the other half to the other. Shovel out also the loose soil in the bottom.

The second layer of soil, which is now exposed, should be dealt with in the following manner. At one end of the bed take out the soil to a depth of a foot and the breadth of a yard, and remove it to the far end of the bed for filling in. Now break up the third layer of soil, working into it what improving material is available, such as mortar rubble, wood-ashes, decayed vegetable refuse, leaves, or, if it is a very heavy soil, some coal ashes. Having broken up this layer soil, measure off another three feet in the trench and dig this over on to the third layer which has just been broken up. Mock-trench the two lower layers of soil in this way, keeping each in its respective place till the whole is completed.

Ridge Should Be Higher

WHEN this is done, put a good layer of soil on top and return the top soil. Manure, if it is available, might also be placed between the second and third layers. When the top soil is returned, the surface will be much higher than the level of the surrounding soil. It is a great advantage, especially if the soil is heavy, to have the ridge higher than the surrounding level, as it will lie high and dry. Leave the surface rough without any attempt to get it to a fine state. That may be done at the time of planting, when it would be well to fork over the surface lightly, and thus to get it dry as well as fine.

An asparagus bed may be made by setting out plants or by sowing seeds. Sowing entails a longer wait, for it is not advisable to cut any asparagus till three years after sowing. The waiting period may be shortened by using plants; those one year old are recommended as they transplant better. If asparagus is required before that time, some of the plants might be two or three years old.

To Keep Gooseberry Bushes Healthy

IF your gooseberry bushes invariably suffer from the American mildew disease, take special care of them this Spring and see if you can not keep them healthy. This is the sort of attention they need:

1. Spray them with lime-sulphur-paraffin or with the safe A.P.S. wash. Whichever wash you use, buy it in ready-for-use form from the horticultural shop and water it down according to the maker's directions.

2. Give a first dose of sulphate of potash to the soil around the bushes during the next week or so, and a second dose when the berries have all "set." Three ounces of the potash sprinkled over each square yard of gooseberry ground at each application and forked into the surface will be quite enough to put on.

The Garden Week by Week

By JOHN HUTCHISON, F.R.H.S.

WHERE a large quantity of cut flowers is needed for house decoration, it is best to have a border in some out-of-the-way place for the purpose of growing seed flowers. This is often not possible owing, perhaps, to lack of space, in which case it will be necessary to make the flowers in the ordinary border serve the double purpose of garden and house decoration.

The perennial season may be said to commence in April with the primrose and polyanthus in their various colors. These arranged in shallow bowls with mossy saxifragas look charming. During April we also have Cheiranthus Allionii (the fine orange Siberian wallflower), Polygonatum (Solomon's Seal) in its smaller and its larger forms, Doronicum with its beautiful yellow suns, and the early Bleeding Heart. In May come the first Flag Irises, and all of them are excellent for cutting and should be largely grown for this purpose; and the early peonies, particularly the Steep Holm Peony, which has a rather small flower of a magenta color. This is, perhaps, a little crude, but if it is mixed with some blue-green foliage in a brown vase the effect is quite pleasing. This is followed later in the month by all the other peonies in their various colors. The old cottage garden double peonys in light and dark crimson and flesh pink are, after all, among the best of the tribe for cutting.

Well Worth Growing

ANOTHER May-flowering perennial which is well worth growing for cut flower purposes is Aster Alpina. There are many forms of this, but all are purple or blue with a yellow centre. One of the best so far developed is Den Ouden's Beauty, and it is a perennial which repays from every point of view.

In June we have a continuation of the peonies and we also have Delphiniums. Nearly all Delphiniums make good cut flowers, though the darker shades, particularly if they incline to purple, are apt to look a little dull under artificial light. The Bella Donna section is very excellent for cutting, as they have more grace and less stiffness than the larger hybrids, which always look best in a large container set upon the ground.

In June, too, come the Lupins, and these today are almost as carefully developed as the Delphiniums. All colors may be had and many which carry two colors in each flower. The hybrids between the herbaceous and the tree type are particularly good for cutting. June also brings the Pyrethrums, of which both the double and single are excellent for cutting purposes. The long-spurred Larkspurs are also in their glory at this time and beautiful decorations they make, associating well with Campanula Latilob, which is also in bloom.

The Oriental Poppies are at their best at this time, but these must be cut when just a streak of color is visible in the calyx in the late evening, then plunge their stems into boiling water and place them in a cool dark place until they open. Treated in this way they last a long time in water. Among other flowers that are at their best in June and are suitable for cutting, the following may be named: The perennial pinks of all kinds, from the Alpine varieties to the many-colored garden hybrids, their sweet scent alone making them most desirable for house decoration. The Iceland poppies, treated in the same way as their Oriental cousins, will be of service for small vases, and also the pink Lychnis.

Phloxes Have Drawbacks

DURING the month of July we have still a great many of the flowers which we have been cutting in June as well as many kinds of Campanulas, Coreopsis (the perennial kind), Heuchera, Erigeron, Achilleas (Perry's White being one of the best), Eryngium, with its heads of metallic blue, and the tall-growing Scarlet Lychnes.

August is the month of Phloxes, and beautiful as they are they have their drawbacks as cut flowers. They drop their petals rather badly and some people object to their scent which, though not strong, is sometimes a little heavy in a room. The Heleniums are in August and make fine cut flowers.

As the month goes on and ushers in September, we have all the hundreds of varieties of perennial Asters (Michaelmas Daisies), from the tiny mauve cushion (only three inches tall) to the giant kinds which are often six or more feet high. There is no better cutting flower during the year.

During September we have all the perennial Sunflowers, of which Miss Mellish and Sol de Or are among the best, the golden rods, and the hardy chrysanthemums which, in a good year will last until Christmas.

For mixing with cut flowers one should see that one's garden is stocked with Gypsophila (the variety Bristol Fairy is the best), the striped ribbon grass (which old-fashioned people call Gardener's Garters), Thalictrum, and grey-leafed Artemisia.

This Five-Year-Old Cow Breaks Own Record

CANARY Korndyke Alcarta, a five-year-old Holstein cow, which a year ago claimed the world's championship as a butter-fat producer with 26,396 pounds of milk, containing 1,080 pounds of butter-fat, in 305 days, has broken her own record. The latest record for this marvelous cow, who is a dairy in herself, is 30,801 pounds of milk with 1,336.25 pounds of butter-fat.

She got away to a good start in her lactation period and maintained a steady flow, averaging well around 100 pounds a day for several months. Her best month's production in butter-fat was 114.60 pounds, produced in May, with April, 112.45 pounds, running a close second. This cow was bred by Mr. Fred V. Heeney, Ingersoll, Ont., and sold in yearling form to Mr. S. G. Sims, Winnipeg, who in turn transferred her to Mr. B. H. Thomas, Moose Jaw, Sask., under whose supervision she made several records.

Last year, after finishing her world's record, she was purchased by the Saskatchewan Government at a cost of $10,000. Canary Korndyke Alcarta was sired by King Korndyke Darkness Keyes, is rated as a gold medal cow, and has produced two sons and a daughter. Following her 1928 record this famous "moo" was the guest of honor at a banquet in Moose Jaw.

Five Holstein Bulls Bought From C.P.R.

FIVE Holstein bulls from the C.P.R. supply farm, Strathmore, Alta., have been purchased by P. Burns & Co., four of which are being sent to the Cardston district and the fifth to Camrose. All come up to a high standard of type and their dams have proven productive ability that is much higher than general requirements. The animals are: Colony Johan Segis DeKol, out of Colony Wayne McKinley, a famous Colony Farm cow; Strathmore Canary Koba, out of Strathmore Lucinda Canary; Strathmore Prince Canary Segis, out of Strathmore McKinley Pearl; a son of Strathmore Zozo Sylvia and a son of Valley Farm Francy Segis, Canada's highest record two-year-old producer for 1929.

Autumn Onions

THE onions you sowed outdoors in Autumn are now due for planting out. The bed must be made firm. At least half the success with Autumn-sown Spring-planted onions depends upon the careful selection of the plants. Do it this way:

First of all loosen the row of seedlings by means of the digging fork. Then lift them out in clumps with the hand fork and tap each clump upon the ground before you separate the plants. Select medium-sized plants only—not the weaklings, for they would be late, and not the big, coarse ones. Put in each plant with the trowel and only just deeply enough to enable it to stand upright. Firm the soil round it with the fingers. Rows twelve inches apart, plants four inches apart in the rows, will give you a fine bed in which the bulbs will ultimately touch.

On Sowing Oats

ALL too often is the sowing of oats left too late in the season, whereas really, the sooner you can get the ground into a fairly dry state and get the seed in, the better will be the yield of your crop. If the weather remains dry for some little time after sowing so much the better. Oats seem to hate chilly, damp soil.

One reason why oats sometimes do badly is because the land has just been roughly ploughed and harrowed before drilling, and the furrows are too loose and have too many air spaces, so that the tiny roots of the seedlings become checked and wilted. Many old-fashioned growers get over this difficulty by using a wheel presser, which presses the furrow slices closely together.

It is not often we see land being manured for oats, but if it is poor and in a hungry condition, there is no doubt that manure pays well for itself. The simplest and perhaps the best dressing for poor soil is a mixture per acre of 300 pounds superphosphate and 100 pounds of sulphate of ammonia applied at sowing time.

There need be no fear whatever that this fertilizer will tend to cause the oats to lie; in fact, the superphosphate, by stiffening the straw, will actually help a great deal to keep the crop on its feet.

Attend to the Raspberries

A LITTLE attention bestowed on the raspberry bed now will be well repaid. Judging from the thickets of stunted, spindly canes we all-too-frequently come across, some of us yet have a good deal to learn regarding this profitable berry. To let half-a-dozen canes grow where there is room for but a couple or so is simply courting miserable crops. There is still time to do a little thinning-out of crowded rows. To leave about five stout canes per clump, or the canes five or six inches apart along the row is the object. Those canes which you do not want, cut down to the ground.

Of course, rows that have stood for seven years and more will never do much more good, and ought to be grubbed right out to make room for an entirely fresh stock of a good variety like Pyne's Royal (the biggest berry), or Red Cross (splendidly flavored). A good thick mulch of manure—rotted stuff, and not too littery—spread over the ground will do a tremendous amount of good. Spread it in and among the canes and nine inches on either side of the row.

Michaelmas Daisies

THOSE who do not grow Michaelmas Daisies in their borders are missing one of the best of the Autumn flowering plants—and one which is, moreover, easy to grow. You can be quite certain, if you plant the clumps now in and well-dug soil, that you will get plenty of flowers in September and October—especially if you mulch the surface soil about the plants with some old manure or vegetable refuse, in the event of the season proving dry. There is no better investment for an Autumn display than a dozen Michaelmas daisies of various hues from which one may soon get together a large stock, as they increase rapidly and need dividing every two years.

Big Matters of World Interest

Stately Setting at Delhi

ANOTHER year must pass before Imperial Delhi is ready for the pageantry and ceremonies that will be worthy of its official opening. In the meantime it is fast nearing completion—or rather completion in its present design. The Secretariats and Legislative Chambers have been in use for some time, and now an important stage in its hostory has been reached by the Viceroy and Lady Irwin taking up their residence for the first time in their new home.

It is a difficult task to describe New Delhi; is still more difficult to describe it in terms of comparison with expressly designed capitals in other parts of the world. To the Londoner there is one reminder that is neither flappant nor far-fetched, and that lies in the memory of Wembley Exhibition. Substitute the Palace of Engineering on your right hand for the south block of the Secretariat; the Palace of Industry on the left for the north block; and the tower of the Stadium rising from the incline between the two for the dome of the Viceroy's House—and you have at least a rough idea of the "ground plan" of the central portion of New Delhi. Nor is the suggestion less forceful because of the hugeness of it all and the exotic outline of the mosque and forts of other days that rise behind the trees on either hand.

The Viceroy's House itself has a royal approach. Having passed the War Memorial Arch at the entrance to Kingsway, you must drive up a long, straight road between a double avenue of trees. The blocks of the sandstone Secretariats loom like fortresses on either hand. The Jaipur Pillar rises straight before you. Supreme amid all stands the Viceroy's House, square to its approach, the summit of its copper dome 177 feet above the roadway.

The Durbar Hall

THIRTY-TWO broad white steps lead to the pillared portico and the main entrance to the Durbar Hall. The seven Delhis have seen countless durbars in their turn, but surely none of them had a stateller setting. Imagine a circular marble court seventy-five feet in diameter. From its dark and polished floor groups of yellow pillars rise towards the dome, giving the hall an impression of height as well as if breadth that adds immensely to its dignity. The Viceroy's throne will be directly opposite the main doorway—so that he may look far beyond the entrance, far beyond the Japur Pillar and down the straight, broad sweep of Kingsway, with the Memorial Arch rising white above the thin haze of heat that sets the road quivering in the sun. Above the hall the interior of the dome makes a white vault, through which the blue sky, seen through the open top, seems still bluer.

Turn right-handed from the Durbar Hall and you come first to the State Library, at the head of one of the two marble stairways which flank the hall. Then you enter the "small" drawing-room, thirty-eight feet square, which leads into the ballroom. If dignity is the abiding impression of the Durbar Hall, grace is the appropriate attribute of this ballroom. Its white walls are lit not only by the six beautiful crystal chandeliers that hang in pairs down the middle of the room, but by small lights mounted in silver sconces and by a concealed system that throws a delicate light towards the ceiling.

In the Courtyard

OUTSIDE the ballroom is the architectural feature of the building that to many will remain its most beautiful memory. One evening I witnessed the first official test of the lighting system throughout the house. We had seen the blaze of light in the halls and the state rooms; we had admired the more delicate efforts of the ballroom. Then we came out to a terrace and a double flight of steps leading down into a courtyard of pink stone that seemed lit by a softer, more subtle light than all. "Look up," somebody said, and we looked up to the stars of an unclouded sky and the radiance of a full moon, for by an inspiration both court and stairs are roofless and there is only the sky for ceiling.

Once away from the state halls the character of the rooms quickly changes: the Viceroy's apartments, the quarters of his staff, and the guest-chambers are simplicity itself. The wood-panelled rooms are smaller than many to be found in English country houses; the Viceroy's own sitting-room is about the size of a snug study. Such furniture as is already in position is in keeping with the rooms. It is all of plain design, carried out in dark woods, with the exception of some of the beds, which are beautifully inlaid with the crimson, blue, and gold designs of Cawnpore craftsmanship. The woods, like the workmen, are all Indian; there are teak and paddock and the more familiar rosewood and blackwood. Incidentally, as you walk through the residential wing your guide will tell you that there are fifty-four bedrooms in the house, including accommodation for more than twenty guests.

View From Dome

LAST of all you must climb the dome. Here is such a view as is given few to behold. It is not only that you may look down upon the splendor of Imperial Delhi spread out far below; you may look beyond it to see the mosques and the fortresses of other Empires and other centuries. Five miles and more to the northeast lies the Old Delhi of today. The domes of Jama Masjid, the great mosque where Shah Jahan used to bend in prayer nearly 300 years ago, tower white above the houses and the walls. His fort and citadel, to the glory of which he was succeeded by Aurungzeb, make a solid mass of red stonework. Due east Sher Shah's rugged fortress of a still earlier day stands on the other side of the road to Agra and directly facing the War Memorial Arch, like the old guard saluting the new. Farther to the south is Humayun's Tomb, which Haji Begam—mother of Akbar—raised to the memory of the second emperor of the Moguls. To the southwest is that great tower 238 feet high which Kutb-ud-Din began to build long before King John met his barons at Runnymede.

These and a score of other monuments make the horizon a procession of historic milestones. Straight below is the Imperial Delhi of today—the twin Secretariats, the Assembly, the hostels, the clubs, the houses, and—last memory of all—the England that is in the roses of the stone-paved garden.

Growth of Realty in Shanghai Is Large

HOWEVER much of a maelstrom Shanghai may be for political currents and undercurrents, one fact stands uppermost in a realty survey of the year—namely, from a building point of view Shanghai was never so prosperous and active. During 1929 more than 10,000 building permits have been issued. While the majority of these were for residences and small Chinese shops, many of the permits were for new movie theatres, apartment houses, hotels and office buildings.

The announcement of this has come as something of a surprise and has done much to promote confidence in a city which is perpetually given over to the wildest of rumors and the status of which is being discussed in half of the world capitals. Business and political uneasiness have gone hand in hand in creating a record year in more ways than one, as least so far as the realty business is concerned.

Origin of Pagodas Is Explained

PAGODAS are found in temple compounds all over Japan and in many parts of China, but the theories as to their origin and purpose have been as many as these unusual structures themselves. A unique feature of these pagodas is that in their centre there is always a tall stone column. Sometimes this is suspended from the roof, with the other end suspended a few inches from the ground.

The latest theory as to the meaning of these pagodas comes from Dr. Chuta Ito, of the Tokio Imperial University, who is the leading authority on Buddhist architecture in Japan. He says that the huge stone pillars are gravestones and the pagodas have been built around them for protection from the elements and earthquakes.

At first the tall monument stood alone, but gradually a covering evolved, which became more and more elaborate, finally resulting in the beautiful architectural examples of the present-day pagodas. So far as records show, no pagoda in Japan has been destroyed by an earthquake. The reason for this is that the pillar of stone inside forms a sort of buttress.

Through Oxford Town

Through Oxford town the stream winds slow.
The mirrored towers within it glow;
Tranced as in dream, the silver tide
Thus, beauty-burthened, would abide,
And seems to pause forever so.

Alas for seeming! Lean; look; know
The reluctant waters onward go,
Pressed on, that younger waves may glide
Through Oxford town.

We, also, youthful, long ago
Dreamed 'neath these walls, whose lovely show
Deep in our hearts their image dyed.
O youth, who thrust our youth aside,
Flow softly; 'tis but once you flow
Through Oxford town.

—A. V. Stuart, in The Cornhill Magazine.

Caesar Would Have Wondered at Roman World of Today

By WILLIAM H. STONEMAN

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ONE morning we were sitting in the International Hotel at Brindisi having caffe-latte. That afternoon we wandered about the Acropolis munching pistachio nuts. And the next afternoon, at the other end of the Roman world, we stood beneath the lofty minarets of the Blue Mosque hearing a muezzin shouting the praises of Allah. All of which would have astounded Caesar or Justinian very much.

The giant Dornier-Wahl, with its two Isotta-Fraschinis turning out a thousand horsepower, rushes over the quiet waters of Brindisi harbor, circles for height and strikes south along the low coast line of Apulia. We gradually gain height for our flight across the sea, then swerve away from the coast. Ahead are thunderheads and to the left a heavy bank of mist covers the water.

We head for the heavy clouds. Whitecaps appear on the water. A midnight murk closes in around us and rain dashes against the windows. A woman beside me reaches for a paper sack and resigns herself to fate. The motors increase their pitch as we hit an air pocket and drop fifty feet. The Uruguayan banjo player in the back seat mutters an oath and reaches for his paper sack.

Suddenly, through a gap in the mist below, one of the Fanos Islands pops into view, then disappears again. Through other gaps we can see the water, covered with whitecaps. The plane rocks and the sky grows blacker. Then through the mist on our left we see the coast of Corfu. Every one tries to look as though he didn't feel relieved. The sun comes out and we fly through a clear sky. One island after another passes under our bow and two hours after we took off we dive and skim across the harbor of Patras, the largest city of Peloponnesia. The passengers begin to talk amiably with one another.

Chance to Show Mettle

THE big boat and its crew have another chance to show their mettle on the second stage of the flight to Athens. We rise from the calm harbor of Patras after twenty minutes, climb steadily, and cross the Strait of Rion and Antirion into the mountain-rimmed Gulf of Corinth.

The sky is blue overhead and the fishing vessels below ride on a smooth sea. Far to the left Mount Parnassus lies covered with snow, backing a series of lower ridges. On the coast to the right Eghion, Akrata, Klato and Xilocastro glide by. We mount even higher and cross the Isthmus of Corinth, the old and modern cities so far below that we can scarcely see people walking. The mist thickens and as we strike across the Gulf of Aegina toward Athens we become buried in it.

Our motors are tuned down and we sink to an altitude of a few hundred feet. The pilot zigzags back and forth to avoid striking the hidden shore. A rocky coast looms up, we run along it for several minutes, then round a headland into a sheltered harbor. We dive, hum over the surface, and come to rest in the little inlet where the plane is to spend the night.

New Experience

THE afternoon and evening we spend in a succession of new experiences. We eat bags full of pistachios, we climb the Acropolis, see half a dozen little Greek churches, and sample some cooking. We learn that the Greeks look like any other civilized people and we manage to read one or two signs. And all of the time we try futilely to realize that this really is Greece.

Before we are well settled in our seats the plane is in the air again, climbing constantly. A little fleet of fishing vessels drops behind and we overtake a pair of tramp steamers bound for the East. To the left ride the mountains of the mainland and to the right a number of unnamed mountainous islands. We climb still higher and glide over the high ridge of Euboea, heading out into the Aegean sea. We are losing sight of land when other islands appear ahead. We guess that it is Asia Minor and turn out to be wrong; it is the islands of Mytilini, Strati, Lemnos and Imbros—the birthplaces of classical culture—floating by under our port window, looking very much like any other islands. When we finally do see Tenedos, with the historic plains of Troy behind it, we hesitate to believe that it is really Asia.

We change our course and head northward where the Dardanelles lies like a blue ribbon, with the sword-like peninsula of Gallipoli stretching out beside it. Trenches appear on the mainland—reminders of a grim and ruthless campaign by the British in the late war. On the left we pick out the spot where the British landed in an attempt to take the peninsula. Chanak, where Trotsky passes his days, comes into sight and disappears again. Seven steamers, outward bound, are entering the strait from the Sea of Marmora.

At noon, three hours out from Athens, we cross the northern shore of the Sea of Marmora and see before us a toy city with tiny minarets sticking up into the sky, Stamboul. The Bosporus, the Golden Horn, thronging with ships, St. Sofia and the Blue Mosque, which no one needs to point out, Pera, the modern city, and then again open country appears. Our motors stop, we glide down toward the Bosporus, then dive and bound over the water.

Character Need of British Empire

AS Lord Rector of Glasgow University, Mr. Stanley Baldwin recently addressed the students on "Character." Mr. Baldwin began with a reference to the custom of choosing the Lord Rector from those engaged in public affairs. He was not surprised, he said, to learn that there were many who would welcome a wider field of selection. They could not expect from a Minister of the Crown, present or past, the skill in composition or the felicity of language which they would rightly expect from a Barrie, a Kipling, or a Shaw; nor could they look for the learning to which they were accustomed in their distinguished principal. Yet the statesman had one peculiar qualification. His life was spent in dealing with men among facts, or, if they liked it better, with facts among men; and for that purpose he required patience, sympathy, common sense, imagination—which had been well defined as the faculty of seeing and tracing consequence—and again patience.

Recalling an experience of his first long vacation when he waited for the kindling of the beacon on Malvern which carried the glad news of the jubilee of Queen Victoria, Mr. Baldwin reminded his hearers that those same hills had sent their fiery message to Briton and Roman, to Saxon and Dane, and he went on to speak of the fiery cross which again flew round the world when the great war broke out. Once more history was being written in letters of fire and blood. After four years there was peace, and we hardly recognized it, and the new world had come and many did not know it. At home the advent of democracy was the most pregnant change, affecting our government internally and externally, and altering profoundly for good or ill our outlook in every direction.

Desire for Knowledge

MR. Baldwin saw a quickening of the people. Never, in his opinion, had there been so real and general a desire for knowledge. Though the map of the Continent had been re-drawn, and though the experiment of democracy or still newer government was being tried in nearly every country in Europe, it might well be that in the future, near or distant, the changes in the British Empire overseas would most affect the world.

"The war, as in so much else, merely hastened a process already begun; a century of evolution was compressed into half a decade. The great Dominions have become autonomous; they are, in every respect, equal partners with the Mother Country; the link is the crown and not Parliament. British India is making her first steps on the road which in the fullness of time is to lead her to self-government."

In a world where the most civilized nations ardently desired peace, and were resolved that they would not tolerate aggressive war, had been formed a league in which were included all the component parts of the British Empire.

"That Empire represents a League of Nations of its own, which keeps the peace over a quarter of the globe itself and among a quarter of the inhabitants thereof. Of that Empire the great majority of its population is found in India, that vast continent which for unnumbered centuries was the battlefield of Asia and where the Pax Britannica has brought her peoples a peace of which they had never dreamed."

Future of the Empire

WOULD it be an exaggeration, Mr. Baldwin asked, to view our Empire as Gibbon viewed the "Union of Internal Prosperity of the Roman Empire in the Age of the Antonines"? Rome seemed eternal; the one fixed point in the firmament; the one rock against which the waves might beat and beat in vain. Yet causes of decay were already at work in that great Empire; its dissolution was inevitable, and from its dissolution sprang a a thousand years of war. What would the historian a millennium hence have to say of us today?

"Even to us, old in constitutional government, old in time, and experienced beyond other nations, representative government based on universal suffrage has come as in a night. And on us lies a responsibility greater than has been laid on any other country, for we have not only to learn to govern ourselves, but to show many races alien from us in language, in custom, and in tradition, old in their own culture, how to apply our methods of self-government to their own peoples. And more: to us are looking with expectation the indigenous inhabitants of Africa, confident in our power to give them peace and justice and to help them to raise themselves in the scale of civilization. While this work goes on, the work of generations, perhaps of centuries, the world is contracting, and scientific invention, by flying, by wireless, by the motor cars, by films, and by gramophone, is jostling the peoples of the world together, and he would be a bold prophet who would tell us whether these things will make for the elevation of mankind or for its degredation.

"Rear Peace on Character"

"I HAVE tried to put before you our task as I see it, and, as I have spoken of the Roman Empire, I would remind you of the words used by one of the greatest Romans to describe the mission of the Roman people. Paci imponere morem—To rear upon peace character. You get the same thought in Ennius: Moribus stat res Romana—On character the Roman State is founded. It was because these words were forgotten, because the Roman character perished, that the Empire perished and the world was plunged again into barbarism."

Our duty today was to rear upon peace character. Character was the foundation of the British Empire. Unless we built on the ancient virtues of duty, truth, and patriotism, our experiment in democracy would fail and the dissolution of our Empire would be a question of years. Pure patriotism, which asks nothing and seeks nothing, which gives service because it "can no other," was a necessary ingredient in the character upon which a great democracy is built.

Rich Relics of Sultan Remain

By WILLIAM H. STONEMAN

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ALTHOUGH the Sultans are gone for good they have left their footprints behind on the soil of "The New Turkey."

First, perhaps, from a point of human interest, are the six dejected and furrow-faced individuals who spend their days about the gate of the Seraglio, giving directions in high-pitched Turkish to those visiting the ancient palace. These six are the survivors of the army of eunuchs which once guarded the harem of the sultan—sorry figures, lost in the swirl of new events. When they are gone the secrets of the harem will be finally and everlastingly buried.

Within the buildings of the Seraglio Palace, which was abandoned as a residence for the sultan a hundred years ago, is housed the one-time royal collection of jewels—perhaps the finest in the world. A hundred gendarmes and a host of husky plain-clothes men circulate in the vicinity guarding the treasure. It is so rich, the director told me, that no one has dared to estimate its value in money, and only now, three years after it was first opened to the public view, is a catalogue being made of its contents.

Before the entrance, incased in glass, stands the throne of Sultan Chah Ismail, a low gold-plated affair about as high as a piano bench and as large as a breakfast table. Incrusted in its four legs and sides are ten thousand pearls and so many emeralds and rubies that no one has ever managed to reckon them. About the room stand a dozen showcases containing the robes and personal jewels of several famous old monarchs, dating back before the capture of Constantinople. The shades of grisly figures in the splotchy history of the Ottoman Empire float out from the silent glass cages.

Emeralds of Great Value

MOHAMMED II, the conqueror who led a wild army of 200,000 Turks into Constantinople in May, 1453, thereby changing the complexion of western civilization, has left behind him a set of robes and a dagger which alone might have distinguished him. The dagger has for its handle a mass of emeralds worth a Chicago gangster's ransom, while the robes are covered with fine designs in pearls and precious stones. They look like the outfit one should properly use in a harem rather than in battle.

Near Mohammed's cage stands that of Bayezid II, a famous peacemaker who reigned between 1481 and 1512. Four great emeralds the size of hen's eggs form the handle of the dagger, the case of which is incrusted with oversized diamonds. In a smaller case a few yards away are two miniature figures of sultans which turn out to be made of single pearls, each of which must have come from a whalelike oyster. In the same case are a dozen cocktail cups, formed of diamonds.

Suleiman II, who reigned only four years and did little to distinguish himself, at least deserves to go down in history as a gentleman who knew jewels when he saw them. His turban, standing on a peg over his robes of state, contains two emeralds and a ruby, all of gigantic size and clarity. Any one of those three stones would bring a fortune.

In a second room stands another relic of turbulent days, the chain mail suit which Murad IV wore when he captured Bagdad from the Persians in 1638. The appearance of this suit, which is fashioned in gold and silver and trimmed in diamonds and emeralds, may well have dazzled the unfortunate Persians into submission. The mail, it is noticed, bears no marks of fighting.

Perhaps the prize of the entire collection is the giant emerald which hangs by a string over yet another pearl-incrusted throne. Its actual height is more than three inches, its depth about two-thirds of an inch and its greatest breadth more than two inches. I shocked the director by asking him its value in money. "I couldn't eveh guess," he said.

Relic of John the Baptist

ANOTHER article in the collection, somewhat different, but none the less valuable, is nothing more or less than the arm and hand of John the Baptist, authenticity solemnly guaranteed. A small piece of skull bone is also on display. Other trifles of minor consequence are a snuffbox, carved out of a single emerald, the magnificent throne of Bayram from the sixteenth century, a Persian rug from the same century, several sceptres inlaid with great diamonds and emeralds and a collection of tapestries, designed in pearls, emeralds and rubies.

There is only one fault with this collection—the fault of excessive quantity. If one diamond is beautiful there is another in the next case twice as large. If one emerald is the largest in the world the one next to it is almost as large and much more beautiful. And always there are the rubies, making everything else look dyspeptic in contrast. And the most deplorable thought of all is that these jewels may never be worn again. Mustapha Kemal, the only one in all Turkey who might dare to use them, does not even wear a turban. For all practical purposes these jewels might as well be glass.

Numerous Fly-By-Night Agencies Are Giving Tourists Trouble

TOURIST agencies in Paris have grown up like mushrooms in recent years, and the business in which Thomas Cook and his son used to have a virtual monopoly is now exploited by countless hundreds of rivals, some of which are good, some fair, and some very, very bad.

The worst example that has come to public notice thus far is a concern which specializes in motor bus tours in France. A large party was booked up in London, each passenger paying a flat "inclusive" rate supposed to cover all expenses. But after arriving in France, the tourists were coolly informed by the three couriers accompanying them that they had no money to pay hotel bills, and that therefore each tourist would have to pay for his own rooms and meals.

Inquiry of the hotelkeepers along the route showed that the tourist company had been running the tours all Summer on credit, but that the hotel men, being unable to collect their bills, had refused to accept any more of their customers without payment in advance.

The climax came when a tire burst and the bus had to be abandoned, the couriers having no money to buy a new tire. The customers continued their trip by train, again at their own expense.

This experience was undoubtedly an extreme one, but it will not be surprising to learn that a great many agencies are fly-by-night concerns without capital behind them, operating largely on such credit as they can beg from hotelkeepers. The latter are likely at any moment to call for payment and place travelers in an embarassing position.

No better advice could be given to tourists than to patronize agencies of recognized standing that can be relied upon to fulfill their undertakings. This is particularly true of any "all in" proposition calling for payment in advance.

The Scourges of Modern Society

By GENERAL BIGGINS
Head of the Salvation Army, in an Interview

INCREDIBLE as it may seem to an enlightened world, there still exist a good many people who have but a vague conception in their minds of the aims and works of the Salvation Army. I have spoken with quite well educated people in different parts of the world, and to those individuals, in spite of their education, the Salvation Army was synonymous with a kind of Freemasonry. I was rather surprised the first time I came into contact with such ignorance, but I soon understood that a large majority of people do not care to probe very deeply into serious, fundamental questions, and are generally contented with the formulating of superficial opinions. That is especially apparent in certain countries where the Salvation Army's work was uphill in the extreme, and where development of our efforts encompassing the welfare of society was more retarded than in other countries that had attained greater enlightenment. In those countries where at first our work gained ground but slowly, the population were only aware of our existence by the external signs of our presence.

The Bible commands us to be charitable, and to love our brethren, and that is actually the foundation to and the inceptive of all our activities to succour fallen humanity. Centuries ago, the church was powerful enough to assist those who had stumbled and sunk low in the struggle for existence. But in the course of time the numbers of paupers and outcasts increased to such distressing proportions that churches found the task of regeneration too much for them. It was literally impossible to minister to each sinning mortal's urgent and individual needs.

Wave of Materialism

THEN there developed another evil—a reckless inexorable evil that swept all before it. It took the shape of worldliness. With the advent of the nineteenth century, the whole world was engulfed in a tremendous wave of materialism which ruthlessly severed the old ties between human beings and religion. Under pressure of philosophical and political controversy, people grew more and more lacking in religious feeling. This applied particularly to the middle classes and the aristocracy in various countries, and what rendered the evil a thousand times more forceful was that those classes to succumb first to the insidious cult were mostly composed of highly educated and intellectual persons. If they found themselves unable to resist the materialistic influence then rampant it was logical to assume that the lower classes would show more weakness.

In consequence of this social unheaval, people found themselves ultimately without any moral support. Religion did not lose its grip on a man's conscience all at once, but notwithstanding, the number of agnostics among the rank and file increased enormously.

The dire results of that situation are easily envisaged. Genuine moral support has always been founded upon religious principles, and upon the instilled conviction that only a worthy and honest education prevented humans from lapsing into crime.

The standard had collapsed to the ground; principles were scattered to the four winds. When moral support vanished, those who did not feel restraining force mostly turned to crime. On studying statistics showing the increase of crime during the last century, one is appalled at the revelations of vice, misery and sin arising behind those figures.

Increasing Corruption

ECONOMIC causes must, of course, to taken into consideration. Never during the days of the patriarchs, never during mediaeval times, were the habits of the people more corrupt than they became during the last century, that is, during the period of industrial development. Nowadays, resultant from the industrialization of countries, the great cities are centres of economic activity. Their commerces and industries attract working-class families. Again large cities offer more temptations than small villages. Innumerable bad influences surround the youth who comes to a large city without previous experience or caution; and to those harmful forces he falls an easy victim.

The founder of the Salvation Army, the late William Booth, foresaw these tragic developments in the progress of civilization, and in 1878, contending against gigantic difficulties and opposition, he founded in London our organization, which has since become the most extensive in the world. We have not limited our activities to English-speaking countries, but have endeavored to create similar organizations all over the earth. Four years ago, we started some new branches in Central Europe, and have obtained so far most satisfactory results.

The Two Great Scourges

OUR object is not only to prevent crime by the power of religions, but if a crime has been committed, we try to help the criminal to retrieve his ways and return to an honest living. I do not hold that a man once a criminal will always be a criminal. Often a man who has once fallen will continue his career of crime only because he has no alternative. For instance, when society persecutes the member who has transgressed its laws and has already been punished, it is quite possible that, in spite of himself, the one-time transgressor will be compelled to keep to crime. On the other hand, if society helps the fallen in order that they may start life anew, a large percentage of them reform.

We are strenuously fighting alcoholism, and prostitution and all their attendant evils. Those are the two great scourges of modern life. They are the canker gnawing at the roots and foundations of society, and mankind's salvation lies in a constant vigilance to expose the evils and ultimately stamp them out.

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